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CONTENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| The Evacuation of Fort Moultrie, 1860..... | 1 |
| To Coosawhatchie in December 1861..... | 6 |
| Regimental Book of Captain James Bentham, 1778-1780... .. | 13 |
| A Southern Genteelist: Letters by Paul Hamilton Hayne to Julia C. R. Dorr..... | 19 |
| The Journal of Robert Mills, 1828-1830..... | 31 |
| Dr. Irving's Reminiscences of the Charleston Stage..... | 37 |
| Marriage and Death Notices from the City Gazette of Charleston, S. C..... | 48 |
| Notes on the Calhoun-Noble-Davis Family..... | 51 |
| Notes and Reviews | 54 |

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THE EVACUATION OF FORT MOULTRIE, 1860

Edited by FRANK F. WHITE, JR.

A letter¹ from Captain John G. Foster, army engineer in charge of fortifications at Charleston harbor, vividly describes the reaction of a professional soldier to the evacuation of Fort Moultrie and the firing on the steamer *Star of the West*. Written from Fort Sumter to John H.B. Latrobe of Baltimore on the day following the *Star of the West* incident, the letter recaptures the tensions under which the Moultrie garrison lived during the last week of December, 1860, and the first two weeks of January, 1861.

Following the secession of South Carolina, the position of Major Robert Anderson, commander of United States troops at Fort Moultrie, was an uneasy one. Moultrie was an old fort, weak, and full of cracks in its walls. Of the other fortifications at Charleston harbor, Fort Sumter was not as yet completed, while Castle Pinckney was used only as a storage place for powder. Expected to be attacked at any moment, Major Anderson had no instructions as to the course he should follow. Should the Charlestonians attempt to seize Fort Sumter, Anderson was convinced his position at Fort Moultrie would have been untenable. Consequently, he attempted to do all in his power as a soldier to keep the harbor entrance open and to defend the property under his command.²

The letter from Captain Foster describes the preparations which had been made to render Fort Moultrie as defensible as possible.³ With definite knowledge that an attempt would be made to seize Fort Sumter,⁴ Foster had repeatedly urged Major Anderson to evacuate Fort Moultrie and move his entire force into Sumter. Previously, the Secretary of War had authorized the preparation of Charleston harbor defenses on the excuse that complications were arising with England and France over Mexico.⁵ For this purpose, Captain Foster had under his control some two hundred laborers. Because of the difficulty of obtaining efficient white masons in Charleston, these laborers were for the most part recruited in Baltimore from men who had at one time worked for Foster.⁶ Many of them were not good "Unionists," but Foster paid no attention to their politics because he felt that no serious complications would arise at the fort over that issue. Eventually, most of those regarded as disloyal were shipped off.

Anderson took advantage of the Christmas festivities in Charleston and quietly moved his entire force into Sumter on the evening of December 26, 1860.⁷ In this

¹ Original among Latrobe Papers, Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore.

² Anderson to Secretary of War Floyd, Dec. 27, 1860. *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* (herein cited as O.R.), Series I, vol. 1, p. 3.

³ See extracts from Foster's annual report, Oct. 1, 1861. *Ibid.*, pp. 4-5.

⁴ Foster to Col. R. E. DeRussy, Commanding Corps of Engineers, Dec. 22, 1860. *Ibid.*, pp. 106-107.

⁵ Abner Doubleday, *Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Moultrie in 1860-'61*. (New York: 1876), p. 21.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 31.

⁷ Foster in an interview with Associated Press stated that Anderson acted on his own responsibility. *Baltimore Sun*, Dec. 28, 1860.

operation, the boats of the Engineer Department were utilized.⁸ While the movement was in progress, it was Foster's responsibility to remain behind at Fort Moultrie as the rear guard, with orders to train his guns on any vessel which might attempt to interfere with passage of the garrison.⁹ When all was completed, Foster spiked the guns of Fort Moultrie and destroyed the ammunition and engineer supplies he was unable to send over to Sumter.¹⁰ Then, he rejoined the garrison in its new location.

The letter further tells of the reaction in Charleston to the evacuation of Fort Moultrie. It also reflects Foster's indignation over the firing on the steamer *Star of the West*, and contains a plea to Latrobe to use his influence to try to avert the hostilities which Foster felt were approaching. Latrobe was a man of great influence not only in Maryland but also in the middle states. Foster was moved by reasons of friendship to make his request. Latrobe had been a student at West Point from 1818 to 1821. In addition, he was a friend of Colonel Samuel Moale, Foster's Baltimore father-in-law; and of Edward Moale, who was employed as a civilian clerk at Fort Moultrie. It is further possible that since Foster married Mary S. Moale of Baltimore in 1851, and apparently had been stationed in Baltimore, the two had become friends.

Fort Sumter, S. C.
 Jan'y 10. 61.

J. H. B. Latrobe
 Baltimore

My dear Sir:

You cannot think how your note¹¹ gratified us all, coming to us here in the midst of besieging forces, apparently bent on cementing their insane actions by the blood of their fellow countrymen. It was like the far off bugle notes of advancing succor.

God Grant that the efforts of the patriotic men in the middle states may be crowned with success. But these South Carolinians seem determined to "cement the secession in blood." They seem perfectly insane in their efforts. Yesterday morning they fired upon a steamer bearing the "American flag" *because* she carried the American flag, and was supposed to be the *Star of the West* with reinforcements for us. The battery that fired is situated on Morris' Island, out of view, behind some sand hills, and about 2400 yards from us.

We are surrounded by batteries, but they can do nothing against us.

⁸ Foster's annual report, *op. cit.*

⁹ The "*Nina*," a Charleston guard boat, had been reconnoitering about Sumter for several nights prior to the movement. Foster to DeRussy, *O.R.*, I, 1, p. 106. While the movement was in progress, the garrison made a wide circuit to avoid the guard boat. Doubleday, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

¹⁰ Anderson to Col. S. Cooper, Adjutant General, Dec. 26, 1860, *O.R.*, I, 1. p. 2.

¹¹ Original was not found.

We can hold out 2 months, easily. I am sparing no effort, as an engineer, to make the fort impregnable, even with so small a garrison as 70 men. I have two assistants Lt. Snyder and Lieut. Meade, whom I keep constantly at mounting guns.¹² We are getting up the columbiads now and in four days will have an overpowering armament.

All are in excellent spirits, both officers and men, and determined to defend the fort to the *last eternity*.

With respect to the movement from Fort Moultrie to this fort, I must say that it met my unqualified approval inasmuch as I had always counseled it from the first. Despairing of having this step taken I had striven with the greatest efforts to make Fort Moultrie (essentially a weak fort) as defensible as possible, and in this spirit had expended over \$11,000. and made the work so strong as to astonish and alarm the South Carolinians. I knew for some time before our movement was made, that they intended to seize Fort Sumter, and then, of course, our position at Fort Moultrie would be untenable.

In pursuance of their plans they had, for a week before our movement was made, several steamers, one of them the "Nina," armed with two guns and two companies, stationed every night around Fort Sumter to guard it. They must have looked upon us as a mouse to play with and eat up at leisure; but we gave the cat the slip however, and are now safe in our hole, which may safely be called a *stronghold* (no pun of a malicious character intended). I am willing to bear my full share of the responsibility. The Quartermaster having no funds, I, at Major Anderson's request, furnished all the transportation and every facility.

It was my schooners took over the stores and ammunition, and my boats that took over the garrison. I notified the Major at nightfall that "all was ready," when he marched one half his command to my boats drawn up on the beach, and my oarsmen pulled them like lightning almost under the bows of a steamer from town, while I stood by 6 guns, ready loaded, to fire at any steamer that attempted to interfere with him.

The second trip took all his men, except five (2 sergeants and 3 men) who remained with me, to spike the guns, burn the carriages of those guns that pointed towards Fort Sumter, and blow up the flagstaff, so that none but the "Star Spangled Banner" should ever float from it. You may be assured that I saw the thing well done, and all night long, and during the forenoon of the next day, my whole force of 150 workmen were busy in carrying stores and ammunition to the wharf and my schooners in transporting them to Fort Sumter.

Seeing everything in train, I went to the city to get money to pay off

¹² Lt. George W. Snyder, assistant engineer at Charleston, and Lt. Richard K. Meade, engineer in charge of laborers at Castle Pinckney.

my men. There I found the greatest excitement to exist, and although I saw nothing to warrant apprehensions of personal violence, yet I was informed by many friends to leave the city, because it was generally believed that I had come to blow up the arsenal. Before I left I had the satisfaction of seeing two companies in quick march to seize and protect the arsenal from my incendiary presence.

Returning to Fort Moultrie, I resisted the requests of friends to go to Fort Sumter for fear of an attack, until Major Anderson sent orders to evacuate Fort Moultrie, when all of the rear-guard went over. (Mrs. Foster went with me, with such things as we could take in our hands, Mrs. Smith with her child and mine, went to town).¹³

The same evening Castle Pinckney was taken, and also Fort Moultrie.

My family is now in Baltimore. All the officers have sent their wives off; and we have, emphatically, "cleared the ship for action." If we are attacked here, you will hear of a bloody fight, but I can scarcely believe that they are such lunatics to try us. It is too late now to attempt force with the whole South, but I do hope that a strong force of the Army and Navy may come down here, disembark a force, and take the batteries on Morris I[slan]d, ditto Fort Moultrie, circled by our fire, and then lay Charleston in ashes, in order to avenge the wanton outrage upon the American flag perpetrated by order of the Governor yesterday. Then retire and let them be in *peaceable* separation, if necessary.

You would understand our feelings if you had been outraged and insulted as we have. Twice have they been on the point of restraining me as a prisoner, to say nothing of others.

If you can, by speaking, writing, or talking, avert the terrible calamity of civil war, I implore you to do so. Dont fear us, we can fight our way and die if need be, but try and save "a country" from these fanatical spoilers.

Please present me most kindly to Mrs. Latrobe, and Osmand [sic] and Ferdinand, and Miss Virginia.¹⁴

Yours Most truly,

J. G. Foster

P.S. My Baltimore workmen deserted me most unexpectedly when I most wanted them. I did *not* require them to fight. I only proposed, a month or so ago, to form an "engineer guard" to protect the fort against a mob, of which there was some fear at the time. Their seditious discussions at the time, caused me immediately to abandon the idea and I told them that they

¹³ Mrs. Foster with her sister Mrs. Smith left Fort Sumter for the north, Jan. 5, 1861. Samuel Wylie Crawford, *The Genesis of the Civil War* (New York: 1887), p. 133.

¹⁴ John H. B. Latrobe married Charlotte Virginia Claiborne in 1832. Osmun, Ferdinand, and Virginia were their children. John E. Semmes, *The Life and Times of John H. B. Latrobe, 1803-1891*. (Baltimore: 1917), 577-578.

should not only not be armed or drilled, but I would not trust them with a pop-gun. They all with a few exceptions left at the first prospect of a real fight, on the second day after the garrison came over.¹⁵

Yours, etc.

J. G. F.

¹⁵ Because the garrison was greatly understrength, Foster advocated formation of a "civilian guard" to protect government property in Charleston. However, "he did not judge it proper to give them any military instruction or to place arms in their hands." Crawford, *op. cit.*, p. 71.

TO COOSAWHATCHIE IN DECEMBER 1861*

Edited by WILLIAM D. HOYT, JR.

Loyola College

Among the troops commanded by General Robert E. Lee during his defense of the South Carolina coast in the last months of 1861 and the early part of 1862 were several regiments of infantry and field artillery moved there from Virginia.¹ A private in one of the units, Leake's Battery of Turner's Artillery, wrote letters to his father describing in detail the journey southwards and his reactions to the Carolina scene of action. These letters, scribbled in pencil on eighteen and nine small pages of stationery, provide vivid glimpses of the countryside of southern Virginia, North Carolina, Charleston, and the camp in Beaufort District.² One phase of the Confederate problem—the poor transportation facilities—is accentuated, albeit unconsciously.

Seventeen-year-old Joseph Wilmer Turner had never been out of his native state prior to this trip, and he was, naturally, interested by his first views of "foreign" soil. His comments on the different sections through which he passed reflect, however, more than idle curiosity. Young Turner must have grown up in an agricultural area, for he noted with some particularity the general aspect of the countryside, the quality of the soil, and the initial sights of cotton and rice fields.³ His descriptions of the streams and swamps, including the Spanish moss hanging from the trees, are almost lyrical in their enthusiasm.

Coosawhatchie Beaufort district, South Carolina
Dec 10th 1861—

Dear Father

I am now encamped near Coosawhatchie (pro: koo-say-hat-chee) river in the District of Beaufort South Carolina 60 miles distant from Charleston,

* Occasionally, when necessary to clarify, the editor of this Magazine has supplied punctuation. Phraseology and spelling are unchanged.

¹ The story of Lee's Carolina campaign is told fully by Douglas Southall Freeman, *R. E. Lee; A Biography* (New York, 1940), I, 606-31.

² The letters are in the miscellaneous collections of The Maryland Historical Society. The latter portion of the second letter is missing, so the narrative comes to an abrupt halt with the arrival at Coosawatchie.

³ Investigation has failed to reveal Turner's home county, but internal evidence might be said to indicate central Virginia as his place of origin. His age—and also the fact that he survived the war—is revealed in a parental note on the back of the first letter:

"January 21st 1873

A Letter from My Dear Son, Joseph Wilmer Turner, written while a Member of Leake's Battery Stationed at Coosawhatchie Beaufort District South Ca. Don't let it be destroyed I wish him to take it and have it copied with pen & ink and preserve it and hand it down to his Children as an heirloom with his request blended with mine that they will preserve it. He [was] (17) seventeen years of age when it was written. 'Fortuna favet fortibus'

GEO W. TURNER"

near the Charleston and Savannah railroad and within 45 of Savannah, a low, marshy and level country within a few miles of the seacoast and the yankees are within 5 or 6 miles distance of us; the Coosawhatchie flows into the Board a few miles below in conjunction with the Pocotaligo and Steamboats can come up the Coosawhatchie as high as our camp. The country is quite healthy in the winter season but very sickly in summer, none but negroes remaining here in that season and occasionally their overseers come down in the day but dare not remain at night, it being almost certain death for white persons to do so.

There are a number of small Islands around Port Royal which produce very fine Sea Island cotton; the enemy have possession of these Islands, which we are unable to drive them off of on account of the superiority their fleet gives them over us; occasionally they land but when we prepare to give them fight they flee to their ships for protection. It is thought that they intend attacking Charleston both by sea and land, but the country is very marshy and it w'd be difficult for an army to invade it. The enemy number some 30,000 we have now encamped along the seacoast between Charleston and Savannah about 17000 but expect some 10 regiments from Virginia soon. Our company and Captain Thornton's company of Caroline Artillery are the first companies of Virginians that have come to this State; Captain Thornton's arrived about 2 days before ours. The two companies are encamped together just as they were at Camp Magruder.

The climate near the seacoast is quite warm in the day and cool at night and I w'd venture to say there is a greater variation in temperature during 24 hours than in Virginia; ice is seldom seen and the thickest known for several years was a quarter of an inch thick. It is a fine cotton region and fine sweet potatoes are raised here in great abundance and I imagine musquitoes are also numerous in the summer season; bad water is also plentiful. We are immediately under the command of major general R. E. Lee of Virginia. There are few companies of artillery here.

Formerly there was an old Indian tribe that used to inhabit here; Wm. Gilmore Simmes [sic] wrote one of his novels about this tribe. Hatchie in the Indian language is supposed to mean river and there used to be a tribe of Coosaw Indians about here and the river is thought to be named after them. General Lee's Headquarters are within a few hundred yards of us. So you see I am away down South in Dixie and how I got there remains to be told —

Well after giving and countermanding orders we were finally directed to proceed forthwith to Coosawhatchie and report to General Robert E. Lee for further orders and Tuesday morning after the bustle and hurry of striking tents and various preparations for the journey we took up our line of march from old Camp Magruder about 12 A.M. leaving it quite deserted for we were the last company to leave, Captain Thornton's having left the

day before, in a little while we reached the Petersburg Depot and then came the trouble of placing our cannon and baggage wagons upon the flats and forcing our horses and mules into the box cars. Between 3 and 4 O'clock the train started for Petersburg 25 miles distant; we crossed over the James river (I for the first time) proceeded through Chesterfield County, a great portion of it along the railroad being very poor land, and reached Petersburg about 9 O'clock P.M. The train made very slow time and on one occasion about half-way between Richmond and Petersburg while running backwards ran two of the coaches off of the track and if it had not been stopped quickly some lives might have been lost; however the coaches were pulled on again without much trouble. The Appomattox separates Petersburg from Chesterfield County. The citizens of Petersburg were very kind and hospitable to us and although they had no warning that we were come yet they gave supper, breakfast and supper again the next day.

Petersburgh is a patriotic city; there are few men here and a great many women; perhaps the men have volunteered. The ladies waved their handkerchieves to us as we passed through the streets and paid us many attentions; one I cannot forbear mentioning. As we were marching through the streets back to the depot from our breakfast one of the ladies from a porch on the opposite side of the street put on a hat as if to say I wish I was a man and then I could be a soldier too; so much for Petersburg. Wednesday night after supper we left Petersburg, having previously changed cars by hitching up our horses and marching from one depot to another. As it was night I could not see much of the country but I noticed that there was a considerable increase in the quantity of pine. About midnight we reached Weldon N.C. after crossing the Roanoke which runs by it; and then I was first aware that I was within the limits of the Old North State and beyond those of my own for the first time.

Weldon though is but an inconsiderable place; here most of the company remained till morning sleeping in the cars as we had done in Petersburg, while Lieut: Bowles was sent on with some ten men to attend to the horses that were sent on ahead in another train and here too we fell in with 3 of our men who had deserted before we left Camp Magruder but finding that we had left Camp Magruder when they returned, they took the mail train and got ahead of us and we were much surprised for we did not expect that they w'd come till they were brought much less get ahead of us. Weldon is about 60 miles from Petersburg.

Early Thursday morning we left Weldon; the country through which we passed was very marshy and full of large pine forests extending for miles along the road without any open space intervening and there were few, very few, oak trees to be seen at all; after a few hours had passed we saw the first cotton patch. Signs of the snow that fell Monday night was still visible and

the northern part of North Carolina appears if anything to be colder than Virginia. I suppose the large marshes are the reason of its being so cold. By and by we bulged into the turpentine orchards. North Carolina certainly has its right name "old tar, pitch and turpentine"; every depot is literally crowded with barrels of resin; but the old North State is not the only state that raises turpentine, I think that the northern part of South Carolina exceeds her, I have seen every tree in the woods there with the bark taken off nearly all around for six feet up to obtain turpentine and in one place I recollect seeing a gully nearly filled with turpentine; the woods are white with turpentine and the rivers are black with tar, and in North Carolina they have a river they call *Tar river*. But the turpentine orchards are no despicable things they say a planter can make \$300 a year to each hand at this business while he makes only 250 at cotton. How did the "old north state" manage to secede—certainly she had enough turpentine to stick her in the union. If you want to see tar, pitch and turpentine and pine woods come through the "old north state."

On the way to Goldsboro you can see large marshes of reeds. The land is very sandy along here and looks very much as if it was covered with snow. But before we get to Goldsboro we must notice Jim Carter's boots they are an enormous [pair] which Linnaeus Woodson had made for one of his negroes (perhaps to ditch), but told Carter he might take them and try them and if he liked them he might wear them; I have sometimes asked Jim what was the calibre of his boots, "I don't know what is their calibre, but I know they contain an awful large bore," alluding to Carter, was the reply of one of my messmates. We arrived at Goldsboro about twelve, a smart little place about 86 miles from Weldon. Here one of our men mistook a bowl of camphene for one of water and washed his face in it, which did not prove very agreeable to his eyes. I do not know that he had any Liquor on board or not; soon the engine whistled and the train started for Wilmington 80 miles distant; Carter was a good distance off and was very [near] being left but after a good run he jump[ed] aboard during which performance he made a very conspicuous show of his boots; "go it boots!" was shouted from the crowd collected around the depot. Jim wore his boots outside his pants.

On the way to Wilmington we passed by a few trees covered with moss about 18 inches long hanging from the boughs which gave the trees a beautiful appearance, a rare thing then, though not so now for I have seen whole forests covered with it. Shortly after we passed these trees one of our cooks waked up one of his sleeping companions and said "la! boy you jis ought been wake jess now we passed by trees, whar had hair on 'em long as your arm, done lef 'em way behind now though." They will tell tales when they get home.

Before getting to Wilmington we crossed Tar river, it has the right name for the water is as black as tar itself. Lieut Bowles who was sent on ahead reached Wilmington about sundown and the rest of the company about 11 o'clock at night. Wilmington is a considerable place, though its streets are badly paved it is situated on the northern bank of Cape Fear river about 30 miles from its mouth and 8 from the seacoast and about 55 miles from the border of South Carolina. We slept at night in the cars and next morning after breakfasting on what the citizens of Petersburg were kind enough to send along with us, we crossed over Cape Fear river in a steamboat to take the cars for Florence about 103 miles distant. It is a beautiful river and numerous flounder play about in its dark waters. I saw an English vessel that had run old Lincoln's blockade and was being towed up stream by a small boat here. but my letter is growing too long and I must bring it to a close; I will try and give you an account of the rest of the trip in another letter. Direct your letters to "the care of Capt Leake Turner Artillery Coosawhatchie South Carolina." My love to all.

Your affectionate son

J. W. TURNER

Tuesday Dec 17th 1861

Gardener's Corner Prince William's Parish
Beaufort district S. Carolina

D[ea]r Father

After crossing Cape Fear river and again placing our cannon and horses upon the cars, we started for Florence S. Carolina some 103 miles distant; we were then about 55 miles distant from the border of S. Carolina and 8 from the seacoast; t'was about 11 A.M. A few miles this side of Wilmington I saw the first rice field; the country is so level and flat here that the water can easily be made to flood the land about seeding time, when they go out in boats and sow the rice, the water is again turned off in harvest and the rice cut somewhat after the manner of wheat; they use it here to feed the horses with just as we use oats; the Stock here is considerably smaller than ours, and even the men themselves are smaller than Virginians. Here we often see a mule hitched to a small horse cart and a boy riding upon his back, a plan wh[ic]h we seldom follow in Virginia: The country is low and level and the wells shallow all being fixed with sweeps. In Columbia County N.C. we stopped about an hour, during which time I had a conversation with an old man who appeared to have travelled no more than an oyster, never having left his native county except to go to the town of Wilmington some 44 miles, he expressed a desire to see our cannon never having seen such things before; he asked me if I felt any dread in going to war; and said he had a son in the service; there was a Post Office at this depot but the old

man did not know the name of it; there are a good many people of this sort in the "Old North State" who stay at home and make tar, pitch and turpentine.

We arrived at Florence about midnight and leaving the Captain behind with a few drivers to attend to the horses and cannon, we changed cars and took the North East railroad to Charleston 105 miles distant, early in the morning we crossed the Santee, not a large river of itself but bordered on each side by large swamps and bogs; the bridge itself is small but taken with the entire trestle-work on each side is about 4 (four) miles long; the country along here looks bad and seems to be poor till within a few miles of Charleston.

As you approach Charleston the scenery is beautiful; it is situated between Cooper and Ashley rivers and near their juncture; we arrived here about 9 o'clock A.M., on Saturday the 7th and remained till Sunday evening during wh[ic]h time we were fed by the hospitable people of Charleston; the Captain and the rest of the company arrived at night. At Wilmington we had observed a slight change in the climate but here it was oppressive. After a late breakfast we walked over town to see what was to be seen. After passing through [the] market and noticing the various vegetables and the tame buzzards that were kept around the market to keep the streets clean, we passed on down Market Street to the wharf. These buzzards resemble the vulture more than those of Virginia and the S- Carolinians have passed a law prohibiting the shooting of them.

At the wharf we had a fine view of the harbor; directly in front of us some two or three miles was Castle Pinckney situated on a small island; some three or four miles farther on and almost in the same line was Fort Sumter also on a small island, while away to the left on Sullivan's island we could see the confederate flag floating over the walls of Fort Moultrie; while still more to the left and across Cooper river was Mount Pleasant, a small village; looking to the right and beyond Morris' island, we could, with difficulty see Fort Johnson, which looked like a solid block in the distance; on Morris' island, which was near the mouth of Ashley river, we could see a masked battery and this side of it a floating battery of iron; to the left and front of it was what appeared to be a sand bar and extending across from Sullivan's island were a number of rafts which the Carolinians had placed there to prevent the blockading fleet from entering the harbor. While away off in the ocean beyond the bar are six ships some of them a portion of old Lincoln's blockading fleet; this one to the left and nearest us is the Steam-frigate "Susquehanna"; among the rest are two Steam gun boats, a store ship and the Swedish bark "Minina" which has come off the harbor supposing the bar to be open, and a ship loaded with coal—

The streets of Charleston are not so well paved as those of Richmond and it has many larger and older buildings than Richmond or at least *had* them before the recent fire. We left Charleston about 11 o'clock A.M. Sunday the 8th and crossed the long bridge over Ashley river and marched 3 miles to the Charleston and Savannah railroad depot and at 8 P.M. left for Coosawhatchie 60 miles distant where we arrived about 2 or 3 o'clock the next morning and remained till Sunday the 15th when we marched 14 miles to Gardener's corner, where we are now encamped. Yesterday I took a ride down to Port Royal ferry. . . . [*end of letter missing*]

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REGIMENTAL BOOK¹ OF CAPTAIN JAMES BENTHAM, 1778-1780

Contributed by ROBERT BENTHAM SIMONS*

James Bentham, son of James Bentham and his wife Anne Rupell (Russell), was born September 7, 1749, in Wimborne, Dorsetshire, England. Brought up "to the law," he came to America in 1762, and became a clerk in the counting-house of a Mr. Dewar, merchant of Charleston. On May 5, 1773, he married Mrs. Eleanor Phillips of the island of Jamaica², who died in April 1775,³ leaving no issue. Two months later, on June 4, 1775, he married Mary (August 9, 1759-December 11, 1825), daughter of Robert and Mary Hardy; and by her he had twelve children.⁴ Commissioned a lieutenant of militia on December 22, 1775,⁵ he was a captain in 1778, according to his Regimental Book, which has "Major Bentham" written on the front page. He was appointed Town Adjutant on May 31, 1779. He died October 28, 1811.

MUSTER ROLL OF CAPTAIN JAMES BENTHAM'S COMPANY OF MILITIA

| | |
|---|--|
| Abraham DaCosta, <i>Sergeant Major</i> | James Bentham, <i>Captain</i> |
| Joseph Jennings, <i>Sergeant</i> | Philip Prioleau, <i>1st Lieutenant</i> |
| Thomas Winstanley, <i>Clerk Corporal Do</i> | James Edwards, <i>2d Lieutenant</i> |

Privates

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Broad Street</i> | Daniel Bell |
| Samuel Pollock | Robert Beaty |
| George Sykes | James Trezevant |
| Robert Brown | George Read |
| James Courtonne, Sen. | George Parsons |
| James Courtonne, Jun. | William Elliott |

¹ Original in custody of the S. C. Historical Society.

* Rear Admiral U.S.N., retired.

² A. S. Salley, *Marriage Notices*. . . (Albany, 1902), p. 53.

³ This *Magazine*, XVII (1916), 91.

⁴ (1) James Robert Bentham, b. Oct. 1776. (2) Mary Elizabeth Bentham, b. Jan. 30, 1778. Married Nicholas Boylston. (3) Sophia Boswell Bentham, b. Mch 28, 1779. (4) Harriet Sophia Bentham, b. June 11, 1781. Married Benjamin Leefe. (5) James Edward Bentham, b. Feb. 3, 1783. (6) William Henry Bentham, (Oct. 21, 1784-May 26, 1827). (7) Jane Boswell Bentham, b. June 17, 1786. Married Luke Bours. (8) James Bentham, b. May 10, 1788. (9) Robert Bentham, (Jan. 24, 1790-Sept. 10, 1843). Married Frances Carolina, dau. of William and Anne Mayrant. (10) Charlotte Bryer Bentham, b. May 16, 1792. Married James Poyas. (11) Caroline Hardy Bentham, b. Mch 8, 1794. Married (1) Joseph Fitch; (2) Samuel P. Ripley. (12) Susanna Boswell Bentham, b. Oct. 10, 1795. Married Simeon Theus.

⁵ *Charleston Yearbook 1893*, p. 227.

Dan'l Horsey
 Thomas Bourke
 John Miot
 Chas. Roberts
 David Mazer
 John Sullivan
 Maurice Carr
 Meyer Moses
 Thomas Singleton
 William Moore
 James Miller
 William Barty
 Hext McCall
 Thomas Elliott
 Chas. King Chitty
 John Wragg
 Simon Tufts

Friend Street

Thomas Hutchison
 Andrew Eusebius
 Alex. McIver
 Robert Rowand

South-Bay

Chas. Atkins, Sen.
 Chas. Atkins, Jun.
 John Neufville, Jun.
 William Bell
 Joseph Robinson
 William Elmes
 Joseph Johnson
 William Wilson
 Robert Lindsay
 Andrew McKenzie
 John McKenzie
 Peter Mouzon
 George Hext
 Henry Caldwell
 Dan'l Langford

Meeting Street

Macartan Campbell
 Edward Lightwood
 John Monatt
 James Stuart
 John Smith
 Thomas Fenwicke

John Scott
 William Hort
 Isaac Seymour
 Francis Bremar
 Daniel Sharp Testard
 John B. Plombard
 Peter Mouzon
 John Deas
 Pierce Butler
 Hopkin Price
 Alex. Inglis
 Rice Price
 Elias Horry, Jun.
 Dan'l Cruger
 Geo. Greenland
 John Newton Hartley
 Christian Slamburger
 William Nicholson
 Thomas Shaw
 John Fisher
 Robert Pillans

King Street

Mark Morris
 John Jeffords
 Joseph Dill
 James Zealy
 William Snelling
 Robert McIlraith
 George Virgent
 George Duncan
 James Baddeley
 James Bricken
 Thomas Godfrey
 Benjamin King
 Henry Slade
 Fra's I. Farian
 Sam'l Gruber
 John Bonsall
 John James (in pencil)

Tradd Street

James Skene
 George Petrie
 Thomas Fuller
 William Glover
 James Clitherall
 Alex. Chisolme

| | |
|--|----------------------------|
| Benjamin Guerard | John Patterson |
| John Bennet | Nathaniel Bourdeaux |
| Henry Drew | Jacob Valk |
| Roderick Pelton | Paul Schlatter |
| Richard Wayne | Joseph Perry |
| Jeremiah Brower | James Culliatt |
| John Jennings | John Blaikie |
| Chas. Shepherd | William Bower |
| Sparks Findlay | David Bruce |
| Christian Eberley | John Lyon |
| James Blackburn | John Ellis |
| Dan'l Alexander | Jeremiah Rose |
| John Muncraf | Frederick Breigle |
| James Lynah | William Touch |
| John | Joseph Perry |
| John North | Stephen Drayton |
| Arthur McMahon | Thomas Ball |
| John Caton | James Sharp |
| Thomas Collis | John Baker |
| William Long | John Peronneau |
| Thomas Dawson | Adenus Burke |
| William Simpson | Elisha Sawyer |
| Andrew Thompson | William Axson |
| John Wragg | John Beale |
| Peter Bunting | John Cox |
| Jacob White | Seth Yates |
| Benj'a Genobly | William Samways |
| William Cameron | Barnet Taylor |
| James Mackie | Dan'l Hall |
| Joseph Lafar | William Allston |
| Wm. Henry Harvey | Wm. Somarsall |
| Joseph Jones | John Cameron |
| Donald Harper | William Roper |
| Sam'l Legge | George Smithson |
| John Applegate | Joseph Da Costa |
| | John Coram |
| <i>Church Street from Broad Street to</i> | Edward Prescott |
| <i>Grimball's Fort, Stolls Alley and the Bay</i> | Arch'd. Carson Livingstone |
| James West | John Hyslop Kirkham |

[Total] 180

7 only alive 4 July 1809 [29 years later]

Dead 173 Since dead—2

Wednesday, the 15th day of April 1778.

At a General Muster, in consequence of the foregoing Order, PRESENT, the following Persons who severally took and subscribed the Oath of Fidelity and

Allegiance as directed by an Act of the General Assembly of this State:—

Capt. James Bentham
Lieut. Philip Prioleau
Lieut. James Edwards
Thomas Winstanley, Clerk.

Sergeants—Abraham DaCosta and Joseph Jennings.

Privates

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Thomas Horsey | Meyer Moses |
| Jonathan Clark, Jun. | John Applegate |
| Nathaniel Russell | Christian Slamburger |
| David Mazer | William Bell |
| John Culliat | Sparks Findlay |
| Robert Brown | Nath'l Bourdeaux |
| Edward Trescot | James Culliat |
| George Logan | Sam'l Pollock |
| Joseph Robinson | Elias Horry, Jun. |
| Dan'l Sharp | John Baker |
| Anthony McMahon | Francis Bremer |
| Frederick Briegle | Isaac DaCosta, Jun. |
| Chas. Harvey | Thomas Shaw |
| George Virgent | Elias Evans |
| William Cameron | Dan'l Alexander |
| Maurice Carr | F. I. Fariau |
| James Trezevant | John Sullivan |
| Walter Roswell | John Culliat |
| James Zealy | Christian Slamburger |
| Peter Buntin | John Chevington |
| George Read | Elias Evans |
| John Jeffords | James Culliat |
| John Ellis | Thomas Dawson |
| William Watson | Geo. Virgent |
| William Elmes | Maurice Carr |
| William Glover | John Sullivan |

REGIMENTAL ORDERS—28TH APRIL 1778.

The President and Council having thought it expedient and necessary to order that the Militia be put on duty in consequence of some attempts lately made to destroy the Town by Fire, it is therefore expected that the Regiment will readily and cheerfully acquiesce in this requisite Service.

The Regiment to mount Guard by Detachments of Companies, a Company every night on guard excepting the Fusiliers which are to divide in two. The Captains or Commanding Officers of each Company to summon their men betimes to be at the State House properly armed and accoutred precisely at 9 o'clock at night, to send out Patroles at 10 o'clock and to continue them until daylight. There must be two Parties out at a time, one in each Parish—an Officer to go the rounds twice every night—The Captain or Commanding Officer of the Guard to wait on the Officer of the Main Guard for the Parole—Capt. Bocquet's Company of Grenadiers are to

mount Guard to Night and he is to be succeeded by the following Companies in rotation (viz) Capt. Baddeley, Capt. Moultrie, Lushington, Doughty, Bee, Mathews, Bentham and Capt. Livingstone; each Captain or Commanding Officer is desired to deliver these orders to the Captain or Commanding Officer succeeding him and should there be no Officer of the Company in Town so succeeding the Officer last on guard will immediately inform the Colonel or Commanding Officer of the Regiment thereof.

ROGER SMITH, Lt. Col.

Thursday the 30th April 1778

Mounted Guard at the State House at 8 o'clock P.M.

Present

Capt. Bentham

Lt. Prioleau

Lt. Edwards

Sergts. Abraham DaCosta and Joseph Jennings.

Privates

Thomas Shaw

Peter Mouzon

Abraham Stiles

William Bell

Isaac DaCosta, Jun.

Nath'l Bourdeaux

Jas. Stuart

Geo. Chalmers

Dan'l Bell

Dan'l Langford

David Mazer

William Glover

George Sykes

Dan'l Sharp

Walter Roswell

Henry Drew

Arthur McMahon

David Kauffman

Jeremiah Rose

George Logan

Jas. Trezvant

Sparks Findlay

Joseph Jones

Dan'l Alexander

Reeson Neilson

Philip Briegle

Henry Caldwell

John Ellis

John El—

Joseph Robinson

James Zealy

John North

Meyer Moses

REPORT OF THE COMPANY UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPT. JAMES BENTHAM.

1 Captain

2 Lieutenants

4 Sergeants

40 Privates

Fixed sentries from 8 to 10 o'clock and so on for every two hours till discharge. Sent out two patrols every two hours upon return of which they reported respectively that everything during their rounds was remarkably quiet.

Parole—Lowndes

JAS. BENTHAM, Capt.

REGIMENTAL ORDERS FOR THE CHARLES TOWN MILITIA
MAY 5TH, 1778.

The Regiment to continue to mount Guard by Detachment of Companies agreeable to the Orders of the [28] April, with this addition, that Captns. Moultrie, Lushington's and Bentham's Companies be divided in two, as well as Capt. Livingstone's, each Detachment to be at the State House punctually at seven o'clock.

The Grenadiers are to mount Guard tomorrow night the 6th Inst. the light Infantry the 7th Capt. Moultrie the 8th and 9th Capt. Lushington the 10th and 11th Capt. Doughty the 12th Capt. Bee the 13th Capt. Mathews the 14th Captain Bentham the 15th and 16th Capt. Livingstone the 17th and 18th and Capt. Darrel the 19th. The officer commanding the Detachment on Guard to make a Report in the morning to the Colo. or Commanding Officer of the Regiment. That Tomorrow be a Common and not a General Muster as was intended. That an Ordinary Militia Court be held on Monday next the 11th Inst. for the trial of Offenders against the Militia Law, the hour and place to be fixed on by the Officers of the different Companies who are hereby required to give their Attendance punctually on that day.

M. SIMONS, Col.

(To be continued)

A SOUTHERN GENTEELIST: LETTERS BY PAUL HAMILTON

HAYNE TO JULIA C. R. DORR

Edited by CHARLES DUFFY

(Continued from October)

XIII

[P.S.] Among the "Critic" tributes to Holmes, your Sonnet soars supreme!⁹⁸
'Tis incomparably the best piece!

"Copse Hill," Geo.
August 30th 1884.

My dear Mrs. Dorr;

I *ought* to have answered your cordial and interesting letter of the 4th June, long 'ere this.

That I have suffered much from *throat-hemorrhages*, during the summer, and been thus continually weakened, may *partly* excuse me; but after all, my delay is blameworthy, and I may as well acknowledge it. Now, let me reply to your communication in an orderly manner.

You speak of the embarrassment and trouble which are beginning to surround the question of domestic labor, at the North! *Ah my friend!* for 20 long years, we of this section have been (to put it tersely), merely, in thousands on thousands of cases, the *slaves of our former slaves*, in all matters of work, whether on the plantation, or in the dwelling house. *Sudden* emancipation, which dragged up the lowest strata of society, and artificially and despotically placed them on the top, has resulted, not in mere transitory evil, as certain optimists maintained would be the case; but in the creation of a condition of things, which becomes more and more puzzling as time goes on!

On our *farms*, the emancipated negro, the *ideal* Freedman(!) disregards his contracts to such an infamous extent, that the Legislature of this State, has introduced a Bill, which makes *deliberate violation of agreements*, on the part of both *black* and *white*, a *felony*.

As for domestic servants, (especially cooks), believe me, despite your recent experience, that you are "living in clover", when your State, and its hardships, are compared with the almost *daily* troubles of Southern House-keepers.

Our ladies residing in the Country are especially victimized!

⁹⁸ The entire issue of the *Critic* for August 30, 1884, is taken up with tributes to Oliver Wendell Holmes on his seventy-fifth birthday. Among the verses are those of Richard Watson Gilder, Edmund Gosse, Everett Hale, Edith Thomas, and Julia C.R. Dorr. Hayne's tribute, dated August 20, 1884, is in prose.

For example, Mrs A—having invited company to dinner, let us say, for Monday, at the hour of 4 or 5, makes all her preparations accordingly; She dreams, (poor dear!), that all goes “merry as a marriage bell”, when about 2 hours or so before the arrival of her guests the cook Molly or Dinah or Betsy, is “conspicuous by her absence”, and everything in sailors’ phraseology, “goes *by* the board,” instead of *upon* the board! Verily, therefore, may we echo and emphasize your observation, that “the servant question is becoming a very serious one; and that for our part, we fail to see what we are coming to!” Remark, meanwhile, that no such embarrassment seems to be experienced on the continent of Europe; nor even, to any alarming extent, in Britain.

Is not the reason plain?

Here, in America, the “everybody born free and equal” theory, (i. e.) the *equality doctrine* of Thos. Jefferson and his school, is *surely*, and by no means *slowly*, leading to a general overthrow of *class-distinctions*; the levelling of bulwarks, (ordained by common sense, and experience), between diverse social ranks; so that the day is not distant when your maid will claim the right to be served, precisely as you are served, at your own table, (if anybody condescends to wait thereon!), and your footman, if tired of riding behind the carriage, will coolly order the coachman to stop, and opening a side door, seat himself by your daughter, and probably make love to her *à la mode*: Nevertheless, let us trust, we are told, to the nobler instincts of the *People*, as civilized and elevated by Republican Institutions! The lower classes *must* all come right in the end! socially and politically. 'Tis but a surface disturbance in *both* cases!

Consoling philosophy! How I wish that I could believe in it; but I *can't* (!!)

Does the history of this government during its brief century of existence furnish us with encouragement as to the capacity of the Populace for *self-rule*?

You'll think me a political *Heretic* of the extremest views, but of all the delusive theories which have carried mankind astray the “Vox Populi vox Dei” Theory seems to me most erratic;⁹⁹

Once, on a Donkey heaven's miraculous choice
Wise speech bestowed beyond the brute-born masses;
Now God imparts His wisdom's potent voice
Not to one Baalam's ass, but countless asses!¹⁰⁰

⁹⁹ For further comment by Hayne upon conditions in the post-war South, see Charles Roberts Anderson, “Charles Gayarre and Paul Hamilton Hayne: The Last of the Literary Cavaliers,” *American Studies in Honor of William Kenneth Boyd*, edited by David K. Jackson (Durham, 1940), *passim*. See also McKeithan, *A Collection of Hayne Letters*, *passim*.

¹⁰⁰ To Stedman, February 6, 1885, Hayne uses these lines, slightly altered; McKeithan, *ibid.*, p. 299.

Pardon these unpalatable doctrines; and allow me to turn to something far more *agreeable*;—a discussion of your recent poems.

I have read them all; and as usual, with genuine pleasure.

1st. Here is "The Briar Rose" and "The Garden Rose" in Harper's";¹⁰¹ both charming pieces of fancy; in a vein so delicate, and ethereal, that I take a *special* delight in them.

"Silence" (In "The Atlantic")¹⁰² must rank among the very noblest of your Sonnets. It is full of grace, and feeling and harmony, and displays a species of half-reserved power, which is the climax of *true art*. I like your "Periwinkle" also.¹⁰³

By the way, there is *one* particularly beautiful line in "Silence", where Silence is personified as,

A white, hushed presence on the heavenly hills.

A perfect line indeed; "altogether lovely"!

How much of suggestion may be contained in the briefest poetical phrases!! and let me say, that among the admirable qualities of your verse, this suggestiveness, (of a subtle sort too), is, in my judgment, conspicuous.

As the years advance, I perceive no straining in your notes; everything is spontaneous, natural, and as ripe as corn with the inspiration of earlier times.

The contrasting circumstances you mention of your nephew's marriage upon "Easter last, and the death, only *one week after* of Mrs Ripley, your step-mother,¹⁰⁴ are significant, and solemn, God knows! That such a decease should have shocked you was inevitable!

Say, what we please, *death*, especially if sudden, must ever appear, to our frail mortal comprehension, as a sort of outrage upon the best, gentlest, sweetest sensibilities of humanity!

Do you recall Chas Kingsley's letter to a friend upon the decease of his, (I mean Kingsley's) Father?¹⁰⁵ It is much to the point! You have a Christian temper and faith; for under the shadow of affliction, I find you saying, "God is good, and His ways are right, wise and loving!"

What would become of us in this mysterious world, my friend, if we could not believe thus much of the Creator?

¹⁰¹ Under the title "Discontent" in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, LXIX (Sept., 1884), 552.

¹⁰² *Atlantic Monthly*, LIV, 308 (Sept., 1884).

¹⁰³ See Dorr, *Poems*, for a subsequent printing.

¹⁰⁴ William Thomas Ripley, the nephew, died about 1893; Jane Betsy (Warren) Ripley, the step-mother, died in 1884.

¹⁰⁵ Probably a letter to the Rev. J. Montagu; *Novels, Poems, and Letters of Charles Kingsley*, ed. by his wife (14 volumes, New York, 1898) XIII, 122. See "On the Death of Canon Kingsley," *Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne*, p. 207, for a memorial poem.

Yes! your Northern skies *are* lovely in the summer-time! When last in N Hampshire, (in 1879) with my wife, how often we used to look from our hotel windows, upon the majestic "White Mountains," and the changeful heavens above them.

And then, your enchanting, and enchanted lakes(!) "Win[nepesauk]ee"¹⁰⁶ looks like a fragment of the celestial *dome* which had fallen, and set its diamond-like lustre among the hills of earth!

You ask me if I know Mr. Cable?¹⁰⁷ In no respect I acknowledge; either as *author*, or *man*. His "Grandissimes" I tried to read but put it down after a chapter or two, because like yourself, I could not stand the ungodly *patois*. His subsequent works I have neglected to examine, *partly* on account of a prejudice I cannot (this *entre nous*) but feel against a man, who beyond any doubt has deliberately and systematically *caricatured his own People*; or, the People he *calls* his own; for I have been told with positiveness that Mr. Cable is really in *blood* (if not *birth*), a Northern man. In that *case* why does he pretend to be Southern? Of his talent, I presume, there can be no question.

You express a kindly wish to know "something of my *mode of writing*?" "How do poems", you inquire, "come to me?", "how do I get at them, so to speak"?

How and whence cometh the wind?

A thought, or Fancy *blows* upon my spirit, arising from realms unknown; and the vague conception *slowly*, or *swiftly*, (as some mystic Power decrees) becomes, as it were, an *embodied thing*, which thus I am enabled to grasp after a fashion, and to present to the mental view of others.

Very seldom do I deliberately select a Theme, for treatment in *verse*;—rather the theme *selects itself*.

I try *not to run after* the Muse, to annoy and persecute her; but wait *patiently* until she condescends to visit her servant.

Do you recall Lowell's fine Ode, addressed to *his* Muse? and holding certain wise hints for Poets generally?

He says—

*Harrass her not; thy heat and stir
But greater coyness breed in her &c*¹⁰⁸

¹⁰⁶ Visited in 1879; "Lake Winnipiseogee," *Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne*, p. 242, commemorates the occasion.

¹⁰⁷ George Washington Cable (1844-1925), was born in New Orleans; his father was a Virginian; his mother, Rebecca Boardman, a Northerner. Although he served in Confederate forces, Cable's subsequent attitude expressed in *The Silent South* was considered anti-Southern; see *Century Magazine*, XXX, 674-691 (Sept., 1885). In 1885 he left New Orleans and made his home in Northampton, Mass. For other expressions of Hayne's antipathy to Cable, see Charles Roberts Anderson, *op. cit.*

¹⁰⁸ "L'Envoi (To the Muse)," *Complete Poetical Works* (Boston, 1925), p. 349.

If your kind inquiries make me a little egotistical, for a moment, you'll pardon me! The strange *intellectual* solitude in which I live, has for some years past, been enlivened by a correspondence with certain English authors of eminence; among them such writers as Black,¹⁰⁹ Jean Ingelow, Miss Craik,¹¹⁰ the late Charles Reade, Swinburne,¹¹¹ and more recently, Blackmore,¹¹² and Wilkie Collins.¹¹³

Chief among all, however, is the blind Poet, *Philip Bourke Marston*¹¹⁴ ("Philip my King"), who thro his amanuensis, sends me letters of from 20 to 30 pages, detailing all the literary and social news of London; with comments on new authors, and new books; with frequent revelations of his own feelings and opinions, upon every conceivable variety of topic.

He is at least one of the *noblest*, and *gentlest* of men; full of almost feminine sensibility; and grateful to the last degree for any kindness.

His life-experiences have been *simply fearful*, involving tragedy after tragedy. In addition to the awful misfortune of irremediable blindness, he has been summoned to endure, in quick succession, the loss of lover after lover, friend after friend. The girl who had bravely given him her affections and was ready to walk thro life by his side, died after the briefest illness; then his Intimates, as if under a fatality, dropped off, and were gathered into the silent-land, leaving him heart-broken and desolate.

What marvel that *such* unexampled afflictions should rudely have shaken his faith in Providence?

But with a soul essentially pure, and noble, he *must* find the light someday.

I may mention here that I have one precious letter from Rossetti,¹¹⁵ (in all probability the *last* he ever mailed to America; for it was penned but a few, a *very few weeks* before his death), in which he alludes to his friend Marston with peculiar tenderness.

Are you acquainted with Mrs. Moulton?¹¹⁶ She is an intimate friend of the *blind* Poet; and knows all the circumstances of his remarkable, and melancholy career.

¹⁰⁹ William Black (1841-1898), the novelist.

¹¹⁰ Dinah Maria Mulock (1826-1887), later Mrs. Craik, *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

¹¹¹ See letter V, n. 25.

¹¹² See A. L. Hench, "Three Letters to the Haynes from Richard Blackmore," *American Literature*, IV (May, 1932), 199-207.

¹¹³ For Collins's correspondence with Hayne, see William H. Hayne, "Un-published Letters of Wilkie Collins to Paul H. Hayne," *The Bookman*, XXXVII (March, 1913), 66-71.

¹¹⁴ See letter XII, n. 88.

¹¹⁵ Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882).

¹¹⁶ Louise Chandler Moulton (1835-1908), poet and juvenile writer, who edited *The Collected Poems of Philip Bourke Marston* (1893). For Hayne to her, see McKeithan, *A Collection of Hayne Letters*, p. 95.

And now, having written you an unconscionably long letter I must close. Something,—I scarce know what—a strange, rather uncanny sort of feeling,—whether a Presentiment, or a mere transient, morbid and misty sentiment, I cannot tell,—bids me ask you to keep this epistle, whereby to remember me hereafter—, as one who *respects you* highly as a woman, possessed I know, of the rarest domestic virtues, and who *admires you very very* sincerely, as a high-toned, gifted, artistic, wholesome and God-fearing Poet.

My wife's best remembrances; and my son's also!

Make allowances, I pray you, for the lack of patriotism apparent in my earlier pages.

Remember I am an old Confederate, suffering *to this day* from the awful, the ineradicable consequences of "Sherman's"¹¹⁷ march to the sea", a "march" during which incalculable millions, "*not* contraband of war", were wantonly sacrificed.

To him especially, I owe it, that all aspirations (as to travel and culture), were defeated;—that my wife for 10 years, was reduced to drudgery, by which her health was well nigh ruined; that my son has been deprived of those intellectual advantages which were his due;—that existence, with us all, has been often a bitter curse! If you only knew what that man was guilty of—, but "Basta"! "Basta," as your Italian says;—it is enough.

Enclosed, I send you a poem of mine which possibly you never saw. It *may* please you. You'll tell me whether the following quatrain has any force. *I* know not:

Malice¹¹⁸

What now? . . . you deem that Fiend of malice dead?
Medusa died! but still her severed head,
Brave Perseus bore o' er Lybian dune and dell,
Shed blood-drops, changed to scorpions where they fell!

Always, my good and kind friend

Most Cordially and Faithfully yrs,
PAUL H HAYNE

P.S. Write me soon! if convenient. I have a special reason for asking.

XIV

Excuse pencil!!

"Copse Hill", Geo.
November 18th 1885

My dear Mrs. Dorr;—

It is a long, long time since I have heard from you; and in writing unceremoniously now, please forgive an invalid's pencil.

¹¹⁷ Sherman's men destroyed Hayne's home and his library: Duffy, *Correspondence of Taylor and Hayne*, pp. 15, n. 2; 17.

¹¹⁸ Published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, LIV (Nov., 1884), 648.

My interest in you personally, and artistically has by no means decreased;—and you cannot imagine how often I have had you in my mind.

Life however is becoming a sad, and narrow thing to me; chronically feeble as I am, and only kept up by my indomitable resiliency of temper, which asserts itself, despite all troubles and depressions. I have prayed the good Lord to allow me to *die in harness*, and I trust he will listen to my humble supplication.

"A Cow's Death" (as the old Northman express it),—is to me horrible—even in bare conception.—But "basta—ta"—eno' of this egoism!

Tell me something of yourself; of your health, prospects, hopes, purposes.

Have you any new vol of Poems, *in prospectu*?—what (briefly) are you doing?

By the present mail, I send you the only correctly printed edition of my Savannah "Sesqui-Centennial Ode".¹¹⁹

It would delight me if you would read it carefully; and in all candor say, how the piece impressed you.

The description of Oglethorpe's career, and character, and the apostrophe to Georgia, I particularly desire you to peruse. I could only take, *Dear Lady*, the liberty of writing thus to one whom I have the privilege to consider a *true friend*.

Please drop me a line when convenient, and believe me

Always Cordially and Faithfully yours,

PAUL H HAYNE

XV

Excuse pencil!

* Address me please

at Grovetown, Columbia Co., Geo.

Nov: 31st 1885

My dear Mrs Dorr:—

Do you recall a letter which I wrote you years ago, in which there was a sentence to this effect: "Continue *especially* to compose Sonnets! The Sonnet in your *metier*, your own particular lyric, the poem wherein you excel!" Time has justified this advice. Your last vol. sent to my son by the Editors of the "Phila. American" for review,¹²⁰ has been read by us all with delight. In the body of the book, I find poems most gracious, sweet, suggestive, worthy of your genius and your heart,—but the 21 Sonnets at the beginning of the vol are simply perfect.

There is *this* difference between them, and the other pieces, (if I may

¹¹⁹ Celebrating the founding of Georgia, written in February 1883. See McKeithan, *A Collection of Hayne Letters*, pp. 295, 404 n.

¹²⁰ *Afternoon Songs* (New York, 1885), reviewed by William H. Hayne in the *Philadelphia American*, Dec. 26, 1885.

illustrate the matter figuratively;) the difference between the great, noble oak of our Southern sea-boards, and the graceful hill-side sapling; both, mark you! however,—*Evergreens!!*

My friend! and fellow-worker in a difficult domain, I have no hesitation in declaring, (and I'll say it publicly soon) that altho' there have been Sonnets equal to yours, written in this country; still, that for consecutive, unbroken, invariable power and artistic finish, you stand at the head of our Sonnetteers!

Ab meo pectore, I congratulate you upon your success.

Did you receive a letter of mine mailed you a week or two since, together with a copy of my Savannah "Ode" now for the first time correctly printed?

I confess that I am anxious to have you read that "Ode" carefully, and tell me how it impresses you.

Ever Cordially and Faithfully,
PAUL H. HAYNE.

XVI

"Copse Hill" Geo.
6th Dec 1885.

My dear Mrs. Dorr,

Your letter of the 30th ult was *very* welcome!

How sad it must have made you to put pen to paper upon that day, the anniversary of your great, and irremediable loss!¹²¹

But I perceive in this communication, and in *all* your poems also—a noble *spirit of faith*,—that faith which it seems to me, is becoming feebler and feebler in Society at large.

"Not lost, but gone before", is the expression of *your* philosophy and belief, and there, is nothing of the darkness of despair in your mind or heart.

Your life-path, as it leads onward, ends, as you wisely deem, in the peace and glory of a land, where *Death* has been discrowned; and the woe and weariness of *Earth* can never come! Do you recall what *Voltaire* once said, (in his old age) to Monsieur de Favell, when De Favell congratulated him upon his infidel writings?

"Monsieur," said he, "I never see an ignorant, but *believing* Peasant kneeling by a way-side cross, that I do not envy him!"¹²²

There is not an *Agnostic*, or Infidel of our time, who (if *honest*), would fail to echo this pathetic observation.

¹²¹ Her husband had died Dec. 3, 1884.

¹²² Professor Norman L. Torrey, in a letter to the editor, is inclined to regard this anecdote as "a misinterpretation of Voltaire's *Histoire d'un bon brahmin*."

Your Poems, so kindly sent me, I have very carefully perused; *yes; twice over*. My first impression is only confirmed. The lyrics, narratives &c, in the body of the book, I like, for their merit is unquestionable, but your *21 Sonnets* tower like mountain peaks above a sweet and level landscape!

Never in American literature have there been a *finer,—perhaps as fine*, a series of Sonnets. In sentiment, as in art they seem to me *perfect*.

I have read with interest the article you enclosed, from the Rutland paper concerning "the Dorr's Investment Business,"¹²³ which let me hope, may continue to progress favorably.

Apropos, it is clear that you are fortunate in your *children*;—that they are real comforts to you.

My son was much gratified by what you wrote of him, and his work.

He, and my dear little wife unite with me, in best regards to you.

Both are charmed with your volume, and Willie is engaged to compose a notice of it for the "Philadelphia American".

Always Faithfully yrs

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

P.S. I need hardly say how intensely gratified I am by your opinion of the "Ode."

This is the second answer I have written to your valued letter, but the first reply I fear was lost—in going to the P.O.

XVII

Excuse pencil!

Address Grovetown Columbia Co. Geo.

8 Dec—1885

Dear Mrs Dorr:

My wife called my attention to a phrase of mine in the last letter sent you, which she thought would be misconstrued perhaps.

I speak of your sonnets "rising or towering over the other Poems like mountains over a sweet, beautiful *level* landscape" &c. "Now, level" said "my winsome Marrow"! "Why it may mean flat"! I was horrified, and—believe me, fully intended to explain in a P. s, but did not—I'm afraid.

So, allow me to explain now and here. I meant the reverse of "flat," (*viz*)—a certain artistic harmony; a fair sequence, unmarred by ruggedness. Until I learn from you that my unlucky word is not misunderstood, I shall (let me confess) be rather miserable. More and more, I maintain that your Sonnets are *grand*.

Ever Cordially and Faithfully

PAUL H HAYNE

¹²³ The Rutland Herald, Nov. 25, 1885.

What I especially like in your Sonnets is their noble faith. Our age is terribly pessimistic. Schopenhauer's doctrines seem everywhere to be gaining ground.

Have you seen my young friend's (Edgar Saltus') book, upon Modern "Pessimism,"¹²⁴ just issued by Houghton &c.—A remarkable vol!! By the way, you won't think me *egotistical* for having mailed you that long notice of my "Ode"?

XVIII

"Copse Hill", Georgia
December 11th 1885

My Dear Mrs. Dorr;—

You know how truly I value your letters, and how much your friendship is to me.

Here is your cordial communication of the 5th, full of interesting matter. As for my *Savannah* "Ode," I cannot but feel proud of such commendation as yours, affirming the judgment of ex-Chancellor Lipscomb.¹²⁵

By the way, *did* you ever see the Chancellor's great work called "The Forty Days"?¹²⁶—a profound "study", or rather series of "studies" of the mysterious period between "our Lord's Resurrection and Ascension"? It is a marvellous production; as original in conception, as subtle, imaginative, beautiful in execution!—one of those works, in brief, which appear but now and then, in the course of a half-century, even a century.

I am pleased to learn that what I said of your "Poems, especially the Sonnets," gratified you; but I cannot but be surprized that in your opinion "there is not another literary man in America who would agree with me!"

So much the worse then for those "other literary men," of whom I would be disposed to say that they possessed, *not* a "wooden leg" like Mr Boffin's celebrated Reader in "Our Mutual Friend" but very decidedly *wooden heads*!—

As for Aldrich¹²⁷—of course the matter stands on a different footing! He is one of the most *adroit* authors the world ever saw—; I mean that altho his peculiar genius is unquestionable, he has so *manipulated* it, as to make it look a good deal larger than it really is!

¹²⁴ *Philosophy of Disenchantment* (New York, 1885).

¹²⁵ Andrew Adgate Lipscomb (1816-1890), Methodist divine, president of Female College at Tuskegee, Chancellor of University of Georgia. For his relations with Hayne, see McKeithan, *A Collection of Hayne Letters*, p. 79.

¹²⁶ *Studies in the Forty Days Between Christ's Resurrection and Ascension* (Nashville, 1854).

¹²⁷ Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907), editor of *Atlantic Monthly*, 1881 to 1890. Hayne's failure to sell poems to the *Atlantic* predisposed him to dislike Aldrich. McKeithan, *A Collection of Hayne Letters*, p. 282.

With infinite pains, and a vast exertion evidently of the *labor limae*, he has produced in the progress of a quarter of a century about 6 or 8 nearly perfect sonnets.

Now, you have 3 times as many Sonnets, equally perfect, produced almost spontaneously as any reader of discernment can perceive, in the course of comparatively a few years—, (as witness your last vols), hence—it seems to me by a fair logical deduction that *your* credit as a Sonneteer ought to be greater. Your anecdote of *Stoddard* is exceedingly amusing. Personally, and as a correspondent,¹²⁸ I know him well.

Entre nous, he has degenerated fearfully of later years; in fact, he has become a mere la [word omitted] or literary “black rider”, fighting “for his own hand”; and willing to wring a shilling out of any and every Circumstance which presents itself, from the publication of a new book, to the death of an old literary associate!

A little before the war, I published a vol partly of “Sonnets,”¹²⁹ (which contained as a “leader” the “Ode to Sleep”), and Stoddard reviewed it in the columns of “The Home Journal”, and spoke of these verses (especially the “Ode”) in *really high* terms.¹³⁰ But (altho he has repeated his commendation since), what think you, he was mean eno to do 4 or 5 years ago? In the critical columns of the “N.Y. Evening Mail”,¹³¹ it fell to his lot as Critic of that journal to review a little vol of blended prose and rhyme by a certain Atlanta author, a gentleman of culture and undoubted talents,—tho perhaps in no lofty sense a poet—, still a writer, be it clearly understood, of far *more* than respectable powers. After sneering at this work, Stoddard deliberately goes out of his way, to remark that there is *another Southern writer* living not far from Atlanta, who “fancies himself a Poet,” viz—“a Mr Paul Hamilton Hayne &c &c”

Stedman tells me that Stoddard subsequently (in the same journal), apologized, after a fashion, for the preceding paragraph; but *cui bono?*—A man who can thus eat his own words, in various ways, is beneath contempt.

Pitiful, isn't it?—And to think of *Stoddard's* genius! As a poet—me judice, he has few equals in America. And surely a poet ought to be a gentleman!

“My experience and your own”, you think (poetically) “have been somewhat alike”. You at the *far North*, I, at the *far South*, have “each had to contend with the fact” that we belonged not to some one of those mutual

¹²⁸ See letter II, n. 12.

¹²⁹ *Sonnets and Other Poems* (Charleston, 1857).

¹³⁰ In this brief review, Stoddard writes that Hayne's sonnets are “among the very best ever written in this country”; Hayne has “already placed himself in the first rank of southern authors”. *Home Journal*, March 28, 1857.

¹³¹ I have not found this review.

admiration companies (unlimited), which dominating the chief Mag[azines], blow therein the brazen trumpets of each other's fame!—

The parallel between us *is* certainly correct, so far; but my friend, (frankly), you have had greatly the advantage of me, in being Northern as to residence and views.

As a Southerner, *always, always* have I been at a strange sort of disadvantage; and now that the "old South", is being abused, undervalued, sneered at, right and left, my being true to our Poets and our Traditions,—has shut the door almost hermetically, against further literary recognition. To be candid, my compeers (at the North), in *private* correspondence, *do* rank me very high; but they seem actually afraid to endorse their estimate *in print*.

There are times when I am placed, almost outside of National Literature. Stedman in his "Twilight of the Poets" speaks of "my people's" appreciation,¹³² as if I belonged more to a locality than the Country at large, while B. Taylor in his "Echo Club,"¹³³ refers to me as if I belonged to another country altogether; and these examples I could multiply. Meanwhile, (*entre nous*), the magazines refuse everything I send them—as a general rule; and I must fall back upon the "weeklies". A few of these stand by me still.

But "che sara sara" saith the Italian; and if verily I have cast my bread upon the waters, made of *sound* wheat, it may return after many days; possibly about the borders of my grave.

But I have no design of being either bitter, or egotistical. To a friend one can unburden himself.

Yes, be *sure* that if I see any notices of your vol, they shall be mailed you. And now with love and regards from my household, ever

Most Faithfully yrs,
PAUL H. HAYNE.

¹³² "Hayne's vitality, courage, and native lyrical impulse kept him in voice, and his people regard him with a tenderness which, if a commensurate were added, should make him feel less solitary among his pines." *Century Magazine*, XXX (Sept. 1885), 798.

¹³³ Zoilus speaks of Hayne being "like a bard alone in the desert." *The Diversions of the Echo Club* (Boston, 1876), p. 146.

THE JOURNAL OF ROBERT MILLS, 1828-1830

Edited by HENNIG COHEN

(Continued from October)

October 25. Wrote Mrs. Mills and enclosed 5\$.

October 29th. Received from Boy for Mr. Causici \$5.6 $\frac{1}{4}$. Paid him out of it 50 cents. Returned Mr. Hitzelburger \$1.75 borrowed.

October 30. Received from Boy for Mr. C[ausici] \$4.00. Gave him 50 cents.

October 31. Received from boy 1.50. Paid him 50 cents.

October 31. Received from Mr. Winchester 150\$. Paid Captain Woodside for workmen 100\$. Paid Mrs. Onion for Captain W[oodside] and self 10\$.

November 1st. [1829] Wrote Mrs. Mills and enclosed her 10\$ United States. Paid Mr. Jones 2\$ on account. Due 2\$. Paid Captain Woodside for men \$2. Quire paper .75. Cost of flannel for Captain W[oodside] \$5.25. Ditto for myself 2.50.

November 2. Received 3.87 $\frac{1}{2}$. Paid boy 50 cents.

[November] 3. Received 4.12 $\frac{1}{2}$. Paid boy 50 and 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ for key.

[November] 4. Received 3.96 $\frac{3}{4}$. Paid boy 50. Mr. Hitzelburger [two illegible words] to fix arm [?] of Statue with Mr. Touluck and another hand [?].

November 6 & 7th. Received \$4 $\frac{1}{4}$. Paid boy 1\$. Paid Mr. Touluck 2\$.

November 8. Wrote Mrs. Mills and enclosed 10\$ United States. Wrote William Hughes, Charleston, and requested him to forward a roll of papers sent from Philadelphia to Mr. [illegible] by Mr. Causici. Received from Mr. Winchester \$150 to pay workmen at monument.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|
| Paid Captain Woodside for men | \$116.25 |
| Paid him on his own account | 10.00 |
| Paid Mr. Cook for pair spectacles | 3.50 |
| Letters up to this time | .75 |

[November] 10. Wrote Samuel Lewis, Surveyor, Bath about making survey of land.

[November] 11 & 12. Received by Mr. Causici:

| | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Paid Mr. Wadel for Mr. Causici | 12.75 | |
| Total amount of Receipts | \$34.71 $\frac{3}{4}$ | |
| Paid Boy and Touluck | \$7.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ | |
| Paid for Mr. Causici | 12.75 | 19.87 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| | <hr/> | <hr/> |
| | 19.87 $\frac{1}{2}$ | \$14.84 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Paid Touluck's bill. | | 10.00 |
| | | <hr/> |
| | | \$ 4.84 $\frac{1}{4}$ |

14th Removed the first pieces of the Statue from the house to the Monument. Mr. Pratt took a sketch of Statue.

[November] 14. Received from Mr. Winchester 70\$ which I paid to Captain Woodside to pay the men. Advanced on my own account 20. Mr. Rodgers for a hat &c \$5.37 $\frac{1}{2}$. Gave public notice for raising the statue on Thursday next, the 19th instant.

November 15th. Wrote Mrs. Mills and enclosed her 10\$. Received a letter from her.

| | |
|------------------------------|--------|
| Paid Mrs. Onion on account | \$5.00 |
| Paid Mr. Touluck for Causici | \$5.00 |
| Ditto ditto ditto | \$5.00 |

November 21. Captain Woodside to pay the workmen \$105 in full. Received from Mr. Winchester 125\$. (This amount is 115\$ advance on the 2nd order for 500\$.) Put off the day for raising the last piece of the Statue until the 25th instant. Enclosed Mr. M[illegible] 5\$ by mail on Tuesday November 17th.

November 22. Wrote Mrs. Mills and sent 10\$.

[November] 23. Received a letter from Mrs. Mills and one from Mary.

| | |
|---|-----------------------|
| [November] 23. Paid Mr. M[illegible] on account | 10\$ |
| Paid for books & letters | 4\$ |
| Paid for goods | \$ 1.87 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Paid [illegible] | \$ 1.00 |

[November] 25. Cartage of S[tatue] account 50.00
 an umbrella \$ 3.50

Washington Monument

November 26th. Balance due by the Treasurer for raising Statue \$885.
 Order favor [?] of Kinnard \$100.
 Ditto Ditto Mr. Ramsay 300.

Cash received from Treasurer \$485.

Deposited in Union bank the above.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|
| 10 men first day $\frac{3}{4}$ each | \$15. |
| 5 ditto 2nd & 3rd day | 10. |
| 3 ditto 4th d[ay] | 6. |
| | <hr/> \$31. |

November 27. Paid Gott & Smith account \$10.00.

November 28. Paid Mr. Ramsay on account \$200.00. He offers to take 9\$ more and take the Rope back, or to send the rope to auction and if it sells for more than 44\$ to divide the profits with me.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| Paid Mr. Kinnard in Cash | \$50.00 |
| order to be paid out of sales for | 56.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ |

| | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| Total balance of his account | \$106.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
|------------------------------|------------------------|

| | |
|---|-------|
| Paid Captain Woodside | 75\$ |
| 25 men $\frac{3}{4}$ of a day each at 2\$ | 37.50 |
| 1 man Joe ditto at 87 | .64 |

| | |
|----------|------|
| Watchman | 8.00 |
|----------|------|

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------------|
| Paid Mr. Hitzelburger on account | 14\$ |
| amount of his account | 51\$ |
| Paid Mr. Jefferies on account | 14\$ account 42. |
| Paid Bailiff account in full | 32\$ |
| Paid Mr. Camp's bill | 5\$ |
| Paid Mr. Touluck on account | 1\$ due 5\$ |
| Paid Mr. Meter [?] on account | 5.00 |
| Ditto Mr. Hitzelburger | 20.00 |

November 29th. Wrote Mrs. Mills and enclosed \$10.

[November] 30th. Received a letter from her. Gave accepted order of Mr. Winchester for 150\$ to pay bills for taking down fixtures Estimated at 40\$.

December 15. Went up with Mr. Colt to Susquehannah to make surveys of the Maryland Canal. Engaged until Friday the 18th and returned with him to Baltimore.

December 4. [1829] Cartage paid 2 load[s] \$1.00
Sold Shears to B[illegible] with the loan of 1 [illegible] for 20\$.

December 6th. Wrote Mrs. Mills.

| | |
|-------------------------|------|
| Ditto cash 1\$—1\$—1.50 | 3.50 |
|-------------------------|------|

\$748.00

| | |
|----------------------|-------|
| His own compensation | 300.— |
|----------------------|-------|

1048.00

Capt. Woodside's Statement of Monies Received up to November 25.

| | |
|---------------|--------|
| Cash received | \$523. |
|---------------|--------|

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| Cash paid Nov. 28 | 75. |
|-------------------|-----|

| | |
|------------------|------|
| Order to Receive | 150. |
|------------------|------|

\$748.

Cr[edit]

| | |
|-------------|-------|
| Blacksmiths | 32.50 |
|-------------|-------|

| | |
|----------|-------|
| Men, say | 96.14 |
|----------|-------|

| | | |
|-------------------|--------|--------|
| old account ditto | 492.49 | 621.13 |
|-------------------|--------|--------|

126.87

| | |
|---|--------|
| Amount of bills paid by Capt. Woodside. | \$717. |
|---|--------|

| | |
|-------------|-----|
| Balance due | 31. |
|-------------|-----|

Paid Mrs. Onion up to this time \$25. Absent on business Tuesday to Friday.

December 12.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Loan Paid General Leakes [?] on account | 10. |
|---|-----|

| | |
|-------------------------------|------|
| balance to be paid April 12th | 8.50 |
|-------------------------------|------|

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------|
| Paid Mr. Stewart on account | 71.36 |
|-----------------------------|-------|

| | |
|-------------|------|
| balance due | 54\$ |
|-------------|------|

Deduct feet of joist to say 10.

| | |
|--------------------------|-------|
| Settled with Mr. Kinnard | 50.61 |
|--------------------------|-------|

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Paid Mr. Jackson on account | 25. |
|-----------------------------|-----|

| | |
|---------|------|
| due him | \$8. |
|---------|------|

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| Paid cartage account | 2\$ |
|----------------------|-----|

| | |
|-----|------|
| due | \$1½ |
|-----|------|

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| paid for letters different times | 2. |
|----------------------------------|----|

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| paid Mr. Jefferies' account | 30. |
|-----------------------------|-----|

| | |
|------------------------|----|
| Mr. Causici on account | 5. |
|------------------------|----|

| | |
|---------|----|
| Letters | 1. |
|---------|----|

Monies for Capt. Woodside different times:

| | | |
|------------------------|--------------|---------|
| 1st payment | October 24th | \$ 90.— |
| 2nd Ditto | 31 | 100.— |
| 3 Ditto | November 7 | 126.25 |
| 4 Ditto | 14 | 90.— |
| 5 Ditto | 21 | 105.— |
| 6 Ditto | 28 | 75.— |
| 7 Ditto order | | 150.— |
| | | <hr/> |
| Paid him in Washington | | 3.— |
| Ditto for flannel | | 5.25 |

[December] 13th. Wrote Mrs. Mills. Money sent Mrs. Mills—1-5-10-10-
10-10-10-
5-10-5-20-
10-10-5

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---------|
| Paid Mr. Meter [?] balance of account | \$7.50 |
| Paid costs of Mr. [illegible] account | \$5.00 |
| Paid <i>Walchman's</i> account | \$32.31 |

December 19th. Made plat of survey and calculations of cubic yards of banking of lilypond. Received letters from Mr. Causici and [illegible word].

December 20th. Wrote Mrs. Mills.

[December] 21. Received a letter from Mrs. Mills. Wrote a letter to General McDonald³¹ on the subject of the Railroad between Frenchtown and Newcastle and enclosed him a map of the country with the location of the canal land done by Mr. Latrobe³² in 1804, and offered my services. Received from Mr. Colt 18\$ for services rendered up to this time. Engaged to attend to surveys of the company land on Susquehanna plat of the same, and to be paid 3\$ per day and my expenses paid.

December 22. Tuesday went up in the Steam boat Oliver Wolcott to Port Deposit to attend to Surveys. Expenses up to Canal. \$3.37½.

December 23. Met commission on Canal: Mr. Gale, Mr. Rowland, Mr. Patton, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Grubb. Appointed me their surveyor with Mr. Hollingsworth. Adjourned to meet Monday 18th January next.

³¹ William McDonald (c.1758-1845), Baltimore merchant and ship owner. He owned a fleet of sloops which operated between Frenchtown and Newcastle. See, T. W. Howard, *The Monumental City* (Baltimore, 1873), p. 469.

³² Benjamin Henry Latrobe (1764-1820), architect and engineer. He was appointed engineer of the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal in 1804. Mills, whom he employed from 1803 to 1808, assisted in surveys in connection with this canal. See, *DAB*, XI, 20-25.

[December] 24. Engaged in making copy of plat of survey made by Mr. E[illegible] of company lands.

December 25. Finished plat. Began a letter to Mrs. Mills.

December 26. Engaged in making levels for Mill race on the company land, Susquehannah. Fare 3.21.

[December] 27. Finished letter to Mrs. Mills and enclosed \$5 bill United States Bank.

[December] 28. Prepared to take the stage from Conowingo to Baltimore at 7 o'clock.

| | |
|------------------------|----------|
| Total Expenses of trip | \$5.87½ |
| Time 6 days at 3\$ | 18.00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$23.87½ |

December 29th. Called on Mr. Colt and informed him of proceedings of commissioners, and of my preparing to map the whole land from surveys in hand. Commenced the same.

Received a letter from Mrs. Mills. Also Mr. Everett³³ and Judge Dessaussure in relation to Atlas of the State. Mr. Hitzelburger sold board of Statue Shop for 25\$. Absent one week from boarding.

[December] 31. Paid for working in full up to this day 37½ cents. Paid Miss Rachel Brown for survey in full 125 cents.

Tuesday [December 27?]

Boarding Account with Mrs. Onion.

| | |
|---|---------|
| October 20th commenced to December 29 makes | |
| 10 weeks at 3\$ | \$30.00 |
| Deduct absence 1½ Ditto at \$ | 4.½ |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$25.½ |
| Cash paid different times | 25.00 |
| | <hr/> |
| Balance due | \$00.½ |

December 31. Made copy of letter to Secretary of State relating to Hall of Congress and drawing of Hall.

(To be continued)

³³ Probably Edward Everett (1794-1865), who served in Congress from 1825 to 1835. See, *DAB*, VI, 223-26.

DR. IRVING'S REMINISCENCES OF THE
CHARLESTON STAGE

Edited by EMMETT ROBINSON

(Continued from October)

No. IX.³¹

"I had a dream which was not all a dream." I was in a reverie, taking a stroll with a friend, along Broad, from Meeting-street, in a Westerly direction, visions of the long past flitting through my brain. . . .

On the occasion referred to, and in the mood in which I was, when I got as far as King-street, I could easily fancy I saw old Mr. Colburn, standing at the door of his store, corner of King and Broad, looking out, like Dennis Brulgruddery for customers—then I saw "Saint Andrew's Hall," within whose walls I had passed many, many happy days with those alas! who have long since departed—further on, at the corner of Friend-street, I saw again in imagination "Vauxhall Garden," a very popular resort in the days of my boyhood, on fine evenings, old Placide giving entertainments then of vocal and instrumental music, and anything else he could offer, calculated to attract and please the public. Just across Friend-street near by, was the well-known establishment of "Isaac Mathews," a man who respected every body, and every body respected—what a feature he would be in our community, if living now. He was at the time I write of, "*the keeper of a livery stable*:" but no one would venture, were he again among us in fashion as a man, to speak of him, nowadays, by so common and humble an appellation; but would prefer, rather to say, he was *the proprietor of a vehicular and equine emporium*. "Keeper of a livery stable" would do very well for a *white man*, but not to be applied to a *colored gentleman*!—*tempora mutantur!*

I have no doubt from the high estimation, and deservedly so, in which Isaac Mathews was held by his class, and the knowledge he was supposed to possess of the HORSE, he would be deemed qualified to be the MARE of the city. Indeed, he had one qualification, which eminently fitted him for the office. He was much given to *Horse-pitality*, having entertained with much liberality and *eclat*, (making a very deep impression upon them) the domestic attendants of Mr. and Mrs. Webster during the very pleasant and memorable visit of Mr. Webster and his lady to our city.

On passing Isaac Matthews corner, I looked, and lo! in my *revery* I

³¹ *Charleston Daily Courier*, April 15, 1870.

beheld on the opposite side of the street, (that is, Broad-street) on a vacant lot next to the one on which stood the house in which my honored and beloved friend Mr. Petigru lived in his last days, was the first Circus I ever saw, and I believe the first large canopy that was every spread out within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, under which were exhibitions of ground and lofty tumblings, fetes of horsemanship, and other gymnastics appertaining to "the saw dust arena" in Charleston.

A few steps further on the same side of the street, brought me to the corner of New-street, how vividly did I recall scenes I used to witness in that immediate vicinity—I lived now truly I might say, not in the present but the past. There stood the old building before me with its heavy brick walls, and tall pillars as of yore. There it was, as if time had not destroyed one particle of its outline—still palpable to being and to sight—a reality, instead of an *ignis fatuus* of the brain! "There it stands," said I, as if thinking aloud to the companion of my stroll. He must have thought I had "eaten of that insante root that takes the reason prisoner," for he asked "what stands there?" I replied, "the old Theatre"—"Where?" said he—I answered, "In my mind's eye, Horatio."

It was now approaching the hour of noon, the hour appointed for a rehearsal,—soon came tripping along two little graceful creatures—two very exemplary young persons, they were "the Misses Riddle," with their devoted mother in attendance upon them. She was very careful when they were crossing the street that they should not damp their pretty little feet, and so catch cold, and not be able to perform at night—but they have crossed New-street well, without damping a slipper, or exposing an ankle by holding up their petticoats too high. Doctor Ollapod says to Miss Lucretia McTab—"I'll cross you over the puddles, mum, and if an ankle is exposed, I'll forfeit all the physic in my shop." They have entered the stage door of the theatre, whilst at his well known place in front of the building, his custom always from ten to two o'clock during the season, in the portico stands James A. Miller, for the accomodation of all persons who wish to secure seats, and provide themselves with tickets for the evening's performance. He has been Box Office Keeper as long as I can remember, and very efficiently has he fulfilled his duties. I passed him and looking into the Theatre for a few minutes, saw at his post on the stage, with a little table before him, the Stage Manager, and by his side ready to do his bidding, the Prompter and the Call Boy, whilst the different members of the Company who had been called, have all assembled, and are grouped about on the stage, ready to begin the rehearsal. . . .

Gentle reader, do you remember ever seeing old Mrs. [G.L.] Barrett play in Charleston? Then believe me you saw one of the most worthy of her sex in society, and in her profession unrivaled as Lucretia McTab, Mrs.

Malaprop, Lady Duberly, and many other similar characters in her line of business.

She was very polite to me, indeed, on one occasion, I cannot well forget. On the night of the amateur play for the benefit of the Greeks, February, 1824, she performed "Lucretia McTab" to my "Dr. Ollapod," and I took the liberty to remark to her at one of our rehearsals, that I believed I should be able to get through my part tolerably well, if she, with whom I had two important scenes, would take care not to embarrass me by failing to give me the word or cue, as the professionals term it.

"Oh, Doctor, don't be uneasy about that," said the kind, motherly old soul, "I have too much self-respect to go on the stage for a part without being *letter perfect*."

And I found her truly so; and, therefore, we got through our scenes, much to the amusement of the audience, if we might judge from the applause bestowed upon us.

After the play was over she paid me a high compliment. "You are," she said, "the best Ollapod I ever saw, although you ought not to have made him quite as much of a gentleman as you are yourself!"

Mrs. Barrett was the mother of George Barrett, who played genteel parts of the drama in Gilfert's company in 1825 in Charleston, and subsequently, when Gilfert reorganized and transferred his company to the Bowery Theatre, in the City of New York, accompanied him there, remaining with him many seasons as his leading man.

George Barrett made his first appearance on the stage at the Philadelphia Theatre in 1809, as Young Norval, in the play of Douglas. He made a young Roscius effort in the hope of outranking at once in public estimation many members of the company he was in, by the display of unusual powers, but he had sense enough to fall into line "as a regular," immediately after, and there remain, becoming in due course of time, a useful and genteel actor.

I have spoken of the amateur play in 1824—it was a decided success; as the different parts were all well supported—very clever men indeed were my associates, who would have been regarded in any community as excellent actors, not only as *amateurs*, but as professionals.

The success of this performance led to the formation of a unique association entitled "The Cabinet Council of St. James."

This was a weekly reunion of congenial spirits, to whom had been given at their initiation some "lordly title," humorously suggestive of their calling, and best known peculiarities and habits. A character was assigned them, selected from history or the Standard British Theatre, as like the living semblance, as we could find one, which we had ever after to assume and represent in full court dress at every meeting, producing a great deal

of pleasant merriment, and admitting of much clever acting by those who possessed the talent and ability. . . .

MRS. GILFERT

I have in the course of my notices at different times of the Theatre in Charleston, frequently commended Mrs. Gilfert's acting; but she was for so many seasons before a Charleston audience, so much admired on the stage, so universally respected in private life for her exemplary character, I cannot take leave of her now, . . . without this heartfelt tribute to her memory!

She was a well educated, refined lady, with a very pleasing address in early life—as Miss Holman habitually, cheerful, but as Mrs. Gilfert!—oh! how changed from what she once was—sorrows on sorrows multiplied, consequent upon her father's failure, and his increased irritability of temper, and her ill judged marriage with a man of all others the least suited to her education, habits and associations—it soon seemed that the cheerfulness natural to her was all gone. Failing health becoming apparent, she retired from the stage, dying in New York after a life of sorrow and suffering, at an early age! . . .

No. X.³²

Though I have given my impression of KEAN on so many occasions . . . I revert to him once more, to give me an opportunity of relating a tribute to his great genius, paid by Mr. COOPER. It has just occurred to me.

One evening at a friend's house in Charleston, where it was my habit generally to meet Mr. Cooper on the evenings he did not perform—he disliked large parties, and public places, preferring with a few familiar friends to occupy a comfortable seat at some domestic hearth, that he might enjoy a segar, and an unrestrained conversation—he remarked to me, that he had seldom met with one, who seemed to have a higher estimation of Kean's excellence than I had; and then asked me, what particular passage, as given by Kean, produced the greatest effect upon me. Without waiting for me to reply, he rose from his seat, raised his right arm, as if to invite attention to what he was about to say; then slowly, almost in a solemn tone, added, (I quote his very words as near as I can recollect them,) "no impression I ever received from a play or an actor, approached the effect produced by Kean, as Sir Giles Overreach in the play of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." I speak now particularly of the scene, where, after an impotent attempt on the life of his daughter, enraged as he was to madness at the time, at her clandestine marriage, which defeats the ambitious views of his whole life, he exclaims,

³² *Ibid.*, April 16, 1870.

"I'm feeble—some undone widow
Sits upon my arm and takes away
The use on't; and my sword,
Glued to the scabbard with wrong'd
Orphan's tears, will not be drawn."

Cooper, then expatiated with delight on the surprising variety and force of genius exhibited by Kean in this character. He said, Kemble, the great John Kemble thought so too, for after seeing him in it, he quaintly observed, "*he was terribly in earnest!*"

I ought not to omit to mention, though it be only a passing notice, the engagement played in Charleston of Miss Lydia Kelly [1828]—a superb woman, and charming actress. Her fame was European, greatly admired in England, and throughout this country wherever she appeared. She made her first *courtesy*, to our audiences as "Letitia Hardy" in the comedy of the "Belle's Stratagem." Her reception was such, as at once to convince her that her talents and attractive graces would meet with all the support and encouragement to which they were entitled from an intelligent community. She sustained the part of the heroine with wonderful spirit—exceedingly good in the scenes where the well educated and fashionable lady was to be portrayed, and equally so, in the assumption of the "Hoyden!" Instead of dancing the *minuet de la cour*, as is generally the custom, I remember, she introduced the song of "the Mermaid" in the masquerade scene, which was rapturously encored. . . .

In 1833 the *old Theatre* was sold, and passed into other hands for other purposes than from that for which it was originally erected. The *new Theatre* in Meeting-street was built in 1837, and opened to the public on the evening of the 15th December, of the same year. It was constructed from designs by and under the immediate supervision of Mr. Reichardt—a gentleman I knew very well—an architect of considerable celebrity, a pupil of the celebrated Schinkel, in Prussia. Mr. Curtis, and Messrs. Fogartie and Sutton, were the builders. Messrs. Serd, Chizzola, and Nixon, painted the scenery and decorations of the interior.

The architecture of the theatre was at once simple and elegant. Its front was stuccoed in imitation of free stone. It was a building in the Grecian style, comprehended in two stories, on a high basement; the first story having an arcade forming main entrance to the building; the upper story showing a portice of four Ionic columns, supporting an entablature and pediment. The porch was attained by a flight of steps, protected by a large abutment at either end. There were three large doors on the first entrance, with two windows on each side, with corresponding windows over each in the second story, opening into an elegantly furnished saloon. The three doors of entrance opened from the front (as most other theatres

do) into a spacious vestibule, on one side of which was the ticket office, and on the other a withdrawing saloon for the ladies, carpeted and fitted up with mirrors and lamps. From the vestibule, you passed into the corridor by doors, corresponding with those already mentioned. From the corridor (or lobby as generally termed) the boxes were entered, which formed a segment of about two thirds of a circle, receding, as they approached the stage, something in the shape of a horse-shoe.

The ornaments of the interior were in good taste. The proscenium, particularly, attracted attention. It was formed by four Ionic pilasters of the richest order, with complete entablature and ornamented frieze, the caps rendered still more effective by being gilt, and the shafts of the pilasters considerably enriched by gilt mouldings.

The dome, too, was much admired. It was divided into twelve compartments, sub-divided by gilt mouldings, and ornamented with arabesque and emblematic figures richly and beautifully executed in the brightest colors—the dividing spaces or medallions between the compartments being filled up with appropriate dramatic designs by an historical painter of much merit.

The first performance in it took place on the evening of the 15th December, 1837—Abbott, the manager. Latham, the Stage manager, delivered a poetical address written for the occasion by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. A few evenings after Ellen Tree made her first appearance in Charleston, in the play of the Hunchback. It was during this season that the Indian Chiefs from Florida, Osceola and others visited the theatre—publicity having been given to their intention to be there, so great was the curiosity in the community to see how these “uncivilized men” would regard “the mimic scene,” no less a sum than twelve hundred dollars was taken at the doors.

It was during this first season of the opening of the Theatre, that the awful conflagration occurred, which laid in ruins, a large portion of our city, and it was principally owing to the exertions of Mr. Charles Mason, who happened to be playing an engagement at the time, that the Theatre was saved. I saw the building twice on fire put out by his timely aid and watchfulness. . . .

The recent death of Mr. [Henry] Placide reminds me of his last appearance in Charleston in the spring of 1847. I recollect it as it if had only occurred a few days since. It was his Benefit nights, and as might have been expected, it was a *bumper*—the appreciation in which he was held in Charleston secured not only a numerous, but fashionable audience. At the close of the performances he was loudly called for—he appeared before the curtain and responded very neatly to the compliment tendered him by his numerous friends and admirers.

What constituted the principal charm, and rendered always so acceptable, the acting of Mr. Placide was the fact, that though placed frequently in the most ludicrous situations,—though irresistably comic in the extreme,—he never exaggerated, but was truthful, easy, and natural. It would be well, indeed, for the stage, if there were many Placides on it! I do not think a kinder gentleman, with face so arch, so full of mirth, the overflowing of a guileless heart, is now alive to grace the age!

From the retirement of Mr. Forbes, in 1847, to the year 1861, when the disastrous conflagration occurred, which laid in ashes our beautiful Temple of the Muses, with so large a portion of our city, for a period of fourteen years, the Theatre had been at different periods under the management of Messrs. Robinson and Elbridge, Mr. Sloan, Mr. Slowman, and Mr. Marchant, who did all that experienced men in their vocation could do, under the circumstance, to sustain creditably the drama in Charleston. I will notice particularly two events that will be of general interest.

One is: Edwin Booth in 1850, made his first appearance in our city—he was then quite young in years. He played “Wilford” to his father’s “Sir Edward Mortimer,” in the play of “The Iron Chest.” I mention this circumstance, because if it was not the very first time he trod the boards, it was among the first juvenile efforts he made in a profession he has now become so eminent a member of.

The other event I will call attention to, is, that the celebrated French actress, “Rachel,” appeared on the boards of the Theatre in Meeting-street, once, and for the last time, as an actress, December 19, 1855. *It was her last appearance on any stage!* She was tottering when here, in very enfeebled health, on the verge, as it were, of a *newly made grave*, and only had strength enough to return to her native country, before failing nature, more and more oppressed by disease, compelled her to lie down *in it!*

Oh! no one must think, who never had an opportunity of witnessing her triumphs in her palmy days, that *he has ever seen Rachel!*

I happened to be in New York at the time of her arrival there, and of course, went to see her play. I was so struck by the change that had come over her, I did not hesitate, as delicately as I could, to recommend one I thought could influence her to return home as quickly as possible. I saw her day was drawing to a close, and soon it would be night. It was sad to see her light of life waning away as perceptibly as it was—her eyes once so bright, then dim—her voice thin—her gestures losing their grace. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. It is a distressing sign, to see a gifted mind decline—she was gradually presenting such a sad spectacle to those who remembered her in the proud days of her bright career.

The praise bestowed, however, upon M^{lle} Rachel, even in her best days,

was not unanimous—more than one distinguished *Litterateur* in Paris, thought she did not possess the highest dramatic powers. Alexander Dumas put on record his opinion, showing clearly he did not admire her as enthusiastically as the public generally did.

No wonder, then, that those who saw her for the first time in this country, when she was an *ill* woman, "ill unto death," as it proved, should, from all they had previously read and heard, have found she did not come up to their high wrought expectations. She neither did, or said anything in a manner that entitled her to rank above any actress of ordinary pretension. We looked in vain for an exhibition of such powers of elocution, and such keen perception of the capability of words to be made the vehicle of emotion, as are the endowments of few. We know there was a time when she was capable of displaying the attributes, and producing the grand effects claimed for her—but she was, then, in health and in strength.

There was *one excellence*, however, denoting high art, about which there never has been any difference of opinion in her case—it was that she possessed and knew how to display to the very last *the science of costume!*

Such was her tact and taste she looked in *Francesca de Rimini* like a painting by Giotto; in *Medea* like an Etruscan statue; in *Judith* like an Assyrian bas relief; in *Phedre* like a Greek fresco.

Every classical scholar appreciated the manner in which, with true art, she was accustomed to wear her peblum and to fold her cloak. She was classical in appearance as an antique cameo, attic as a Grecian gem!

I don't know how true it is, but I have certainly seen it published in a Parisian journal that in her last hours, in reply to an enquiry from herself how long she to live, she was told she might die at any moment.

"Well then," said she, "let me see my beautiful dresses once more!"

In accordance with her wish they were spread out before her. . . .

No. XI.³³

. . . . In giving my personal recollections of the stage in Charleston and things connected with it, I must not omit to mention the formation, in 1844, of a "Shakespeare Club," the progress of which I watched with some interest. It was an association of young gentlemen under the above title, their object being the improvement of their minds and manners by the study and representation of characters drawn by the magic pencil of the immortal bard and other dramatic writers of celebrity, being an agreeable occupation for the refined youths of our city, serving to fill up in an engaging manner hours of lesiure, that would otherwise, perhaps, be less profitably employed.

³³ *Ibid.*, April 20, 1870.

I remember Lege's Long-Room in Queen-street, near Church, was hired and fitted up with a new stage, some well painted scenery, appropriate stage properties, foot and stage lights, new dresses, decorations, &c., to carry out effectively the laudable object in view.

On the opening night, an original poem, written for the occasion, entitled "The Birth of the Drama," was delivered by one of the young amateurs, with much applause before a large audience.

Several plays, belonging to the highest order of the drama, were performed, "Douglass," "The Lady of Lyons," and "Pizarro." These were well received, and had to be repeated by general request.

I have always thought that a similar organization of refined and educated young people would if properly conducted, minister to their intellectual and moral improvement, and afford a very agreeable occupation in their hours of leisure.

Private theatricals always have been a pastime approved among the politest circles in England. So popular are they now, we see that the most distinguished literary characters of the day do not think it beneath their dignity to join in such amusements, and are in the habit of lending the aid of their talents and taste, on all occasions, whenever desirable to complete a strong cast of any favorite piece of sterling merit. . . .

Since writing the above I have been informed that a company of young Charlestonians, taking the name of "A Thespian Dramatic Corps," has been organized for the encouragement of amateur performances, and has successfully given a series of theatrical entertainments.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Of the Academy of Music, so recently completed to furnish a suitable place of amusement to our community, I cannot speak from my personal knowledge of the entertainments that have been offered there, not having been in the city a night when it was opened to the public; but it is not necessary I should express an opinion, for much has been said and approvingly, of the manner in which the New Theatre has been conducted.

In common with all who know Mr. Chadwick, the proprietor, and the spirit that actuates him, I honor him for the pure motive that induced him to come among us, not *to take away*, but by all the means at his control, *to contribute* to the restoration of our fallen fortunes, by building up again some of our waste places, and thus, peradventure, promoting the future prosperity of our city.

Mr. Chadwick came with no mercenary motive,—with none of the promptings of a selfish and pennyless adventurer—but he brought the means with him to develope, like a good citizen, any enterprise he might think proper to engage in. He is not only "a gentleman of capital," but

"a capital gentleman,"—consequently he has received a cordial welcome to our society, has been recognized and appreciated, as one worthy to have extended to him, all those social amenities, which constitute the charm of refined life; and which, it is not to be wondered at, have been withheld from those who have come among us, (as Judge Orr has so significantly denounced and set his mark upon, in his recent interview with a reporter of the New York Tribune, visiting him on purpose to gather from him his opinion of the present prospect of the South,) as "irresponsible men—in many instances corrupt men, who have overrun the country—mere adventurers, having in view solely their own elevation—men who never enjoyed public confidence where they came from—ignorant, corrupt, dishonest, unfit by reason of their early associations for decent society—adroit enough, however, to make the more ignorant among the negroes believe them to be their best friends, and by employing the arts of the demagogue, and an unscrupulous use of disgraceful agencies, have succeeded in getting themselves elected to the most important offices in the State!"

In taking the view that Judge Orr thus does, of the embarrassments that surround us by the presence of designing, unscrupulous men, retarding the prosperity of the South, it would be well if many more like Mr. Chadwick could be induced to come and pitch their tents among us. . . .

I respect him, then, for what he has done, and what he proposes to do; and for the success of his various enterprises he has the best wishes of every right thinking man in our impoverished, but I trust, not yet, by the merciful goodness of God, *undone* community.

The night through which we are passing has been very long and very dark, it is true; but I think there is at last to be seen a gleam of light in the sky which indicates *the coming day*.

CONCLUSION

I have now recounted all that occurs to me at present of the early days of the drama in Charleston, in addition to what I have already written on the same subject in these columns in a former series.

As we advance in years, we love to think and to talk of the long Past—to revert to the so called *merry* days of our youth, our pleasures, our former friends—but I question whether the memory of scenes and days that can return no more, yet will at times come wildering o'er our aged brain, can ever be said to make us *merry*. I do not believe much in happy reminiscences myself. I rather incline to the opinion that he was right who said of memory "that it too often had the effect of moonlight—it might soften the harsher things of life, but it saddened the brighter." Themistocles sighed for the genius to forget—how much happier many would be if they could not remember.

"Such things were, that were most precious"—a little senile cheerfulness and prolixity, perhaps, are all that a retrospect can give us the power, to say for a while "*begone dull care*," for as cheerful as we may appear, and as prolix as we may be, our stories however long, must have an end, and the most indulgent listeners disperse, and the most agreeable friends take leave of each other!

To you then, old and young, who have accompanied me to the last scene I shall describe, and have heard the last story I will tell on the present occasion—to all my many kind friends who have been so politely listening to me to the end of these my personal recollections of men who once figured conspicuously in our community, in the early days of the drama in Charleston, I say *farewell*—"a word that makes us linger," yet *farewell*!

A FRIEND TO THE DRAMA

MARRIAGE AND DEATH NOTICES FROM THE CITY GAZETTE
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

Contributed by ELIZABETH HEYWARD JERVEY

(Continued from October)

Died, at Mobile, on the 20th ult. Taliafera Livingston, esq. U.S. Marshall of the District of Alabama, aged 41. (Tuesday, April 29, 1823)

Died, at Norfolk, the 14th inst. Mr. John Baptiste Sejourne, Chancellor of the French Consulate, aged 71. (Tuesday, April 29, 1823)

Died at Bow, in N. Hampshire, the oldest man in that state, Mr. Samuel Welch, aged one hundred and twelve years seven months. His family were remarkable for long life. . . . (Tuesday, April 29, 1823)

The Friends and Acquaintances of Mrs. Susan Blair, relict of the late Mr. James Blair, and of Mr. James G. Blair, are invited to attend the funeral of the former, at 4 o'clock This Afternoon without further invitation from her late residence Mazyck-street. (Tuesday, April 29, 1823)

Died, in Philadelphia, Enos Bronson, Esq. late editor of the U.S. Gazette. At Canaan, (N. Y.) Jonathan Warner, Esq. aged 74, a patriot and officer of the revolution. At Paris (N. Y.) Joseph Munger, Esq. aged 63, a revolutionary soldier. His mother, aged 92, his wife and 13 children, survive to lament his loss. (Wednesday, April 30, 1823)

Died, at Utica (N. Y.) on the 10th inst. in the 88th year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Keysor, widow of the late Captain Keysor, of the town of Manheha, in the county of Herkimer. In the battle of Oriskany, in this county, fought by Gen. Herkimer; her husband, two sons and two brother-in-laws were engaged. Shortly after this a large party of Indians and tories surrounded the house of Capt. Keysor, made prisoners of him and two sons. . . leaving Mrs. K. with four daughters and an infant without shelter. . . [They] reached Stone Arabia in Montgomery county, here she sought shelter in the fort. . . Besieged by Indians and British. . . all soldiers [were] killed but 2, . . . [They with] two hundred women and children. . . defended until reinforced and the enemy abandoned the enterprise. About three years subsequent to this transaction Capt. K. and one son returned from their captivity in Canada. (Wednesday, April 30, 1823)

The friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Miot and Mrs. King are invited to attend the funeral of the latter, This Afternoon, at 4 o'clock from the corner of King and Society-street. (Thursday, May 1, 1823)

Died at Groton, Conn. Deacon Simon Smith, from being run away with and upset in a waggon, aged 86. (Friday, May 2, 1823)

Died at New-Orleans, Capt. Nathaniel Norwood of Alabama, formerly of this city. (Friday, May 2, 1823)

Married, on Sunday, the 4th inst. by the Rev. Doctor Bachman, Mr. Edward Carey to Mrs. Eliza Monpoey; both of the city of New-York. (Wednesday, May 7, 1823)

The Friends and Acquaintances of the late Thos. R. Maybery, and of Wm. Waller and Eugene O'Reilly, are invited to attend the Funeral of the former, at half past 4 o'clock This Afternoon, from the residence of Mr. Wm. Waller, Broad-street, without further invitation. (Wednesday, May 7, 1823)

Married on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Bachman, Mr. Lorens Stoppelbein, to Miss Eliza Clarké, of this city. (Monday, May 12, 1823)

Married, in St. Augustine, by the Rev. Clever Felch, on Tuesday the 15th ult. the Rev. Andrew Fowler, of Charleston, to Miss Henrietta H. Payne, of Nassau (N.P.). (Wednesday, May 14, 1823)

Died, at his residence in St. Mathew's Parish on the 7th inst. after a short illness, Robert Caldwell, in his 43d year, leaving numerous friends and relations to mourn his loss. (Wednesday, May 14, 1823)

Died, in Albany, Joseph H. Spencer, esq. of Rochester, youngest member of the Senate of New-York, aged 32. Mr. John Adamson, Comedian 35. At Leyden, Mass. Mr. Richard Corrs, late editor of the Northern Whig, of Hudson, N. Y. aged 27. At Lewiston, Pa. Alexander A. Anderson, esq. attorney at law and late member of Assembly in Pennsylvania, aged 37. At Reading, Pa. Charles Richards, esq. aged 29, deputy attorney general of the county of Berks. (Thursday, May 15, 1823)

Married, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Bachman, Mr. E. M'Ginnis, of Newark, (N. J.) to Miss Caroline, youngest daughter of Mr. John Smith, of this city. (Friday, May 16, 1823)

The Friends and Acquaintances of the late Mrs. Beatty and John Brownlee, are invited to attend the funeral of the former, from the residence of the latter, This Afternoon, at 4 o'clock. (Saturday, May 17, 1823)

It is our painful office to announce the death of John W. Green, Esq. formerly the manager of the Richmond and Southern Theatres, and lately a performer on their boards. . . . Mr. Green hurried his dissolution by the use of laudanum. He was a man of fine sensibilities, and unable to bear up against the afflictions to which he was subjected. . . . when the memorable night of the 26th of December 1811, reduced the Richmond Theatre to ashes, and with it the lovely daughter and the best hopes of Mr. Green. Since that disastrous era, his fortunes have been overcast, he has struggled against his visitations, but at last the man sunk under them. . . . Richmond Comp. (Monday, May 19, 1823)

The Friends and Acquaintances of Mrs. Elizabeth Calvert, are invited to attend her funeral, This Day, at 11 o'clock, from the house of Mr. Edward Mortimer, No. 63, Anson-street, without further invitation. (Monday, May 19, 1823)

The Friends and Acquaintances of the late Captain Fox, the members of the Corps of Independent Greens, and of the Hibernian Society, are invited to attend his Funeral This Morning at 8 o'clock, from his late residence in Pinckney-street. (Monday, May 19, 1823)

Died, at Brookfield, Mr. Dwight Foster, Esq. aged 65, many years a member of Congress. At Ashburnham Me. the Rev. John Cushing D.D. aged 78. At Groton, N.H. the Rev. Cotton Haines, aged 77, on the 20th ult. and on the 22d his widow, aged 76. In Massachusetts, Dr. Aspinwall, aged 79, a revolutionary surgeon. . . . At St. Augustine, Joel Dickinson, Esq. aged 47, a native of Connecticut and several years a merchant in North-Carolina. (Wednesday, May 21, 1823)

The relatives, friends and acquaintances of the late Dr. Joseph H. Ramsay and Mrs. Mary V. T. Ramsay, are respectfully invited to attend the Funeral of the latter at [torn] o'clock This Afternoon, from the house of [torn] Smith, No. 73 Broad-street, without further invitation. (Wednesday, May 21, 1823)

Les amis & connaissances de Monsieur & Madame Boutant, sont invités à assister au funerailles de feu Madame Catherine Marbeaf, qui aura lieu Ce Soir, à 5 heures precise, le convoi partera de la residence de Mons. P.B. Boutant, King-street, pres le Tabac Inspection. (Wednesday, May 21, 1823)

Died, on the evening of the 3d ult. in the fifty-fourth year of his age, Mr. Peter A. Poincignon, a native of France, and for these thirty-five years past, a respectable inhabitant of this city. (Thursday, May 22, 1823)

(To be continued)

NOTES ON THE CALHOUN-NOBLE-DAVIS FAMILY¹

By GEORGE WESLEY CLOWER²

Early records relating to the Calhoun family published in this *Magazine* have shown that Patrick Calhoun (ca. 1684-1741), and his wife Catherine Montgomery (1684-Feb. 1, 1760), came to this country from Donegal County, Ireland, sometime after 1727. He and his wife and children settled first in Pennsylvania, where they were living in Lancaster County at the time of Patrick's death in 1741. He was survived by his wife, his four sons, William, Ezekiel, Patrick, and James, and one daughter, Mary, wife of John Noble. Sometime after the death of Patrick, the emigrant, the family moved to Augusta County, Virginia, where they lived from 1746 until 1756, and owned various tracts of land. John Noble, husband of Mary Calhoun, died in 1752, while the family was still in Augusta County, leaving his wife, four sons Alexander, James, Patrick, Ezekiel (an infant), and a daughter Jean.

In February 1756, members of the Calhoun and Noble families arrived in South Carolina from Augusta County and settled on Long Canes Creek in what became in 1768, Ninety-Six District, and in 1785, Abbeville County.

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND MARY (CALHOUN) NOBLE AND SOME OF THEIR DESCENDANTS:

- I. Alexander Noble (ca. 1733-1802), married Jan. 7, 1768, his first cousin, Catherine, daughter of Ezekiel and Jean Ewing Calhoun. In the Revolution he was a major under his brother-in-law, Colonel Andrew Pickens. Issue:
 1. John (1769-1819), graduate of College of New Jersey, 1791; married Mary Bowie. Issue:
 - (1) Mary Noble, married Thomas Stuart Baskin. Issue: Mary Rose Baskin, married Israel W. Pickens. Martha, their daughter, married John Williams Meriwether, had three children, and lived in Texas.
 2. William married Rebecca Pickens, daughter of General Andrew Pickens.
 3. Ezekiel
 4. Catherine
 5. Alexander, Jr.

¹ Compiled from: this *Magazine*, VII (April, July, 1906), 81-98, 153-169; XXXIX (January 1938), 50; *Virginia Magazine*, XXXI. 245; information and dates copied from Davis family Bible; William Quillin's Bible; William Quillin's tombstone; Davis-Quillin tombstones; R. W. Simpson, *History of Old Pendleton District* (Anderson, 1913); J. A. Sartain, *History of Walker County, Georgia*; F. A. Virkus (ed.), *Compendium of American Genealogy*, VI, 210; *D. A. R. Lineage Book*, XL, 144.

² 2625 Woodward Way, N. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

6. Joseph

7. Patrick (1787–April 7, 1840), Speaker of the S. C. House, 1819–1823, 1833–1835; President of the Senate, 1836–1838; Governor, 1838–1840. He married Elizabeth Bonneau Pickens. Issue:

(1) Ezekiel Pickens Noble (b.1817), married Sarah M. Calhoun (b.1821), daughter of William and Catherine Jenna de Graffenreid Calhoun. Issue: Elizabeth Bonneau Noble, born in Abbeville, Texas, married John M. Bennett.

(2) Floride

(3) Patrick

(4) Edward

(5) Alexander

(6) Elizabeth

(7) Samuel

II. James Noble

III. Patrick Noble

IV. Ezekiel, an infant in 1752.

V. Jean, called "Jane" by the family, married Robert Davis. Issue:

1. Robert Davis, Jr. (Feb. 8, 1766–ca. 1811), married Nancy Harris (Jan. 9, 1774–ca. 1822.) Issue:

Nine children, most of whom lived at "Indian Creek Plantation," DeKalb County, Georgia, and are buried in the Old Decatur Cemetery:

(1) Jane Noble Davis (Feb. 12, 1792–Nov. 1868), unmarried.

(2) Rachel Wallace Davis, born Aug. 25, 1793, married (1) Archibald Woods, (2)———Dobbs. No issue.

(3) Nancy Harris Davis (Aug. 9, 1795–May 29, 1845), married Aaron Steele (his sister Mary Love Steele married Joseph Grisham; they were parents of Elizabeth, wife of Joseph E. Brown, Gov. of Georgia, 1857–1865). Issue: William Davis and Robert A.

(4) Robert F. Davis (Jan. 12, 1798–1853), married in 1834, Eliza Love. Issue: 8 children.

(5) Moses Waddell Davis, born Feb. 12, 1801, served in Confederate army, died unmarried, June 24, 1876.

(6) Eliza Frances Davis (Apr. 8, 1803–Feb. 3, 1879), married Rev. William Quillin (June 20, 1799–Aug. 29, 1842), distinguished Presbyterian minister from Virginia. He was instrumental in organizing churches in north Georgia and Tennessee, including First Presbyterian in LaFayette, Ga., and in Chattanooga, Tenn. A noted educator, he was trustee of LaFayette Female Academy. Their daughter Martha Amanda b.Oct., 8, 1838, in LaFayette, d. Nov. 5, 1913, in Lawrenceville, Ga., married (1) Major Thomas Hanby Mitchell, (2) Joseph Seay Dobbins. Her only daughter, Mary Eliza Mitchell, married George Wesley Clower, of Lawrenceville. Issue: George Wesley Clower, Jr., Atlanta, Ga., and Thomas Mitchell Clower, Greensboro, N. C., who married Jeannetta Ellen Pendergrass; they have one son, Thomas Mitchell Clower, Jr.

- (7) Sarah Calhoun Davis (Oct. 7, 1805-1886), married Oct. 17, 1844, James Steele (brother of Aaron, who married her sister Nancy). Second wife of James Steele, she had one son, Richard Henry Steele.
- (8) Ezekiel Andrew Davis, born May 11, 1808, served in Confederate army, died Dec. 27, 1879, unmarried.
- (9) Amanda Mary Annie Davis (Sept. 26, 1810-Jan. 29, 1852). Third wife of Dr. Andrew Barry of LaFayette, she had a son, Andrew Davis Barry, who married Cora Jolly; issue, four children.

NOTES AND REVIEWS*

Municipal Government in South Carolina. By George R. Sherrill and Robert H. Stoudemire. (Columbia: The University of South Carolina Press, 1950. Pp. x, 223. \$1.00.)

The Bureau of Public Administration of the University of South Carolina has made the first serious over-all study of municipal government and administration in South Carolina. Although it is offered only as a basis for further investigation and study, it is nevertheless a substantial contribution. The information was chiefly obtained from personal interviews with the officials in each of the ninety municipalities covered by the survey. This was necessary because of the inadequate local records and of the diversified patterns in municipal practices resulting largely from constitutional and statutory regulations that complicate the administration of municipal affairs in South Carolina.

The municipal laws are badly in need of revision and clarification. We are told that "in many instances it is almost impossible to determine the exact powers which the municipalities have" (p. 208). The absence of state legislation establishing alternate forms of government which may be adopted by local referendums has led to the enactment by the General Assembly of many special laws from year to year. This confusion in the statutes is further confounded by the tendency of many municipalities not to comply fully with the provisions of state law and to secure even more special legislation.

Although it is revealed that most of the cities still have too many independent department heads and agencies, it is gratifying to note that eleven of the larger cities have adopted the Manager form of government and that many others are trying to improve their organizational and administrative structure. Among the basic needs may be listed local accounting, adequate budgeting, assistance in planning bond issues, and integrated departmental structure. Incidentally, it is recommended that the municipalities develop local tax sources, rather than to depend upon state-collected revenues.

This comprehensive survey is supported by thirty-one tables and four charts that illuminate a study that is somewhat tedious and lengthy because of the lack of uniformity among the municipalities.

The authors have made a good beginning. It is hoped that their efforts will cause the citizens to insist that all the facts about their own city shall

* This department will print queries not exceeding fifty words, from members of the Society. The charge to non-members is one dollar for each fifty words or less. Copy should be sent to The Secretary, Fireproof Building, Charleston, S. C.

be made available to them through annual reports. As this study points out, "interesting and meaningful annual reports can be prepared by the municipalities without too much expense or time" (p. 211). As things now stand, only the city of Sumter reports on all activities immediately after the close of the fiscal year.

This survey should also be helpful in directing attention to a very important subject that is entitled to reconsideration in the general law, with appropriate constitutional provision.

The Citadel

JAMES K. COLEMAN

The Journal of the Commons House of Assembly, November 10, 1736--June 7, 1739. Edited by J. H. Easterby. *The Colonial Records of South Carolina.* (Columbia: The Historical Commission of South Carolina, 1951. Pp. xii, 764. Frontispiece. \$12.50.)

The preface to this satisfactory volume points out that in England there are more documents relating to the history of South Carolina than of any other English colony. Students know only too well that within its own bounds this state has for all periods of its eventful history a vast mass of unprinted data which is all but inaccessible; and that South Carolina is the last of the thirteen founding states to complete the publication of its colonial records. The appearance of this initial volume of a well-planned consistent series of printed archives is therefore a welcome event.

The period covered in this volume lies in the administrations of Thomas Broughton and the first William Bull, two resident lieutenant-governors who were faced with many contemporary problems concerned with taxation; the building of churches, roads and bridges; the trade both legal and illegal in rum and slaves; and innumerable other matters of importance. The names of hundreds of interesting white men, some Indians, and even an occasional woman, enliven the pages.

Of excellent format, one of the best features of the publication is its readability. Adherence to the rules of style in vogue among colonial printers has eliminated unsightly, obscure clerical symbols and abbreviations, has brought elevated letters down to the line, has standardized indentations, and, when necessary to clarity, has sanctioned the addition of essential punctuation. Handsomely printed and bound, capitally organized, well-edited and proofread, and adequately indexed, the volume is worthy of the records which it makes accessible. The Historical Commission, the editor, his supporters in and out of office, and the printers, have earned the congratulations of the scholars who seek new light on the formative colonial years of the United States.

It is to be hoped that more of South Carolina's early records may be

made available soon, and that all important libraries will support their publication by subscribing to the entire series.

Charleston Gardens. By Loutrel W. Briggs. Photographs by R. Adamson Brown and Others (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1951. Pp. xviii, 156. Illustrations, maps. \$7.50)

Mr. Briggs' book betters its title, for he counts among Charleston's gardens many of those that stand or stood upon the nearby plantations. His is the first attempt to give a comprehensive account of a development now in the third quarter of its third century. Gardening began with the colony. In Ashley-Cooper's careful planning was included a proprietorial plantation to be started immediately the settlement was made. Laid out just across the creek to the south of the first little Charles Town, this had fields for the fresh vegetables the colonists would need to balance their diet, experimental plantings of possible staple crops, and a fair-size formal garden laid out between the stockaded plantation yard and the bank of the Ashley. Its cusped and cata-cornered beds may have been more for use than ornament, planted with cotton or indigo, rather than posies; but as the old plan shows, trouble was taken to give it an agreeable form that would be echoed down through generations of gardens that would follow it.

The book is divided justly into four chapters. The first, on the history and the botany of the region, gives an idea of the splendid natural flora of the Low Country and the enthusiasms it produced among the visiting and native botanists and planter-gardeners. Climate and soil and the often over-abundant labor supply of the plantation system, all helped to make this a natural habitat for fine or elaborate gardening—a country where Catesby and Bartram and Michaux would do much of their principal work with American botany, and where the Middletons and Izards, the Gardens and the Poinsetts would make lovely pleasure grounds adorned with notable exotics.

In a chapter on old city gardens, Mr. Briggs makes use of a number of drawings collected by Emma B. Richardson, of the Charleston Museum, from eighteenth century plats of town lots recorded in the Mesne Conveyance Office. He supplements these with several of his own drawings, largely of nineteenth century gardens with quantities of small, fantastic beds.

In the third chapter the modern gardens of the city are discussed and copiously illustrated with photographs.

The last chapter, on plantation gardens, runs through the long history of great formal and semi-formal gardens that sprang up at favorable times through the Low Country near the city. It is tantalizing to realize how few of the older ones still exist, but plans of Crowfield on Goose Creek, and the actuality of Middleton Place sufficiently represent the formal

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planting and earthwork of the eighteenth century. Magnolia on the Ashley does more than its share to show the grand standard of informal work of the mid-nineteenth century; and a number of plans and illustrations of such contemporary works as those at Mulberry, at Cypress Gardens, and at Pierates Cruze, attest to the variety and charm that still go into and come out of gardening in this favored region.

SAMUEL G. STONEY

The Neglected Thread: A Journal from the Calhoun Community, 1836-1842. By Mary E. Moragne. Edited by Delle Mullen Craven. (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1951. Pp. xxxviii, 256. Illustrations, appendices, index. \$5.00.)

This is a chronicle of visits, events, and personal experiences in the life of Mary Moragne, a proud, sensitive, ambitious, egoistical and egotistical girl, who early in life became a devout Christian, her conversion being due partly to spiritual awakening and partly to love for the young pastor whom she subsequently married.

Mary Moragne's literary ambition pervades the first part of the diary; her struggle to relinquish it, the second part. Undoubtedly she had literary ability, but recurring evidence of her conceit clouds one's appreciation. At her best in descriptions of nature and people, she is sometimes humorous and sometimes caustic, but always interesting. Whether describing a trip to Sparta, Table Rock, Cherry Hill (McDuffie's home), or balking horses, a temperance meeting, a camp meeting, a fishing party, she gives the reader both a picture and an impression.

To confide in a diary was almost a psychological necessity for Mary Moragne, introvert as she was. Her diary, not mother or friend, was her confidante: to it she tells of spiritual struggle, happy conquest, sufferings of her sensitive heart, her battle to give up novel writing, and her deepening love for the young pastor, William H. Davis. As she was concerned chiefly with self, family, and friends, the diary is of limited scope. One closes the book with a deeper knowledge of Mary Moragne rather than a deeper insight into critical events of this period. South Carolinians, some from Abbeville County, were then prominent in political affairs, largely shaping the South's course in this crucial period leading up to the Confederate War. The absence of insight into growing trends, the meagreness of details of her state's growing political power, detract from the historical value of her diary. The most readable and rewarding parts are the sketchy portraits of well-known persons in her community: George McDuffie, Governor Noble, General W. A. Bull, etc., and her rather graphic descriptions of camp meetings, towns visited, her trip to the train station in Augusta, and her ride in 1838 on the five-year-old Georgia Railroad. On the whole, she

has left a very interesting journal, especially to those familiar with names and customs of people in that segment of old Abbeville District.

Errors by the editor in "Backgrounds" are evidently due to her use of secondary rather than source material. Mrs. Craven gives the number of Huguenots in New Bordeaux as 212 (p. xv). Hillsborough lists for Governor Boone only 173, of whom only 132 arrived in April, 1764, and not all settled at Bordeaux. These did not remain at Charleston "about six months" (p. xv); they were sent to Fort Lyttleton, near Port Royal, for four months; then they returned to Charleston in July en route to New Bordeaux, where they arrived in two groups, on August 5th and 7th respectively. The Reverend Pierre Boutiton, Mr. Gibert's brother-in-law and the Colony's "agent", was pastor at Bordeaux until his death, not the Rev. Jean Louis Gibert. Gibert was their leader to America; but he remained in Charleston, where he experimented with silk culture on Manigault's plantation, "Silk Hope", for one and a half years, after which the provincial government employed him to wind silk and to teach silk winding. He did not even get land grants at Bordeaux until 1768 and 1769. Contrary to Mrs. Craven's statement (p. xviii) that Cambridge was "a place founded presumably in the early 19th century on visions of academic progress," the name of Ninety Six, indicated as early as 1730 on George Hunter's map, was changed to "Cambridge" March 8, 1787.

Mrs. Craven, in her sub-title, "A Journal from the Calhoun Community", identifies Mary Moragne and family with the Calhoun Settlement instead of with the New Bordeaux Settlement, in which Pierre Moragne, Sr., was one of the pioneers, and which was about nine miles from the Calhoun Settlement. This sub-title is not only a factual error, but an injustice to the pioneer Moragne family and to the Huguenot Settlement in general.

Mrs. Craven has done good work in her footnotes, which are elucidating to readers and helpful to genealogists.

NORA MARSHALL DAVIS

Genealogy of the Rossignol-Lachicotte Family. By Henry A. Lachicotte. (Douglas, Georgia: Julian W. Frier Publishing Co. 1950. Pp. 103, with blanks for notes, and four maps. \$8.00.)

The Lachicotte family, long well-known in South Carolina, originated in France in the Middle Ages, under the name of Rossignol. From Languedoc, where they counted among the *noblesse*, one branch removed to St. Christophe, in the Antilles, about the time of the settlement of Carolina. Driven thence to San Domingo by the English, these Rossignols flourished and spread through the eighteenth century. In the process the branch that fled to Charleston in the French Revolution took from a plantation, in proper French fashion, the territorial name that has supplanted the old

surname. Here Rossignol de la Chicotte has been evolved by simplification into Lachicotte.

The author deals succinctly with the early generations in France. He goes into much more detail with those in the Antilles and the United States. He gives us in map form a good illustration of the distribution of the family at different times in its different environments, in a fashion that might well be copied by other genealogists.

A biologist will find in this family an interesting and marked propensity for applied mechanics that has stood it in good stead since it adventured into the New World. The change to a purely American surname is interesting as the resultant of logical French usage, at a time when the numerous Thomas Smiths hereabouts included one who was forced to sign himself, for differencing, "of Broad Street."

A disappointingly small portion of personal memoir and folk-lore in Gullah, is not the least interesting part of this little book.

S. G. S.

Songs of the Confederacy. Edited by Richard Barksdale Harwell. (New York: Broadcast Music, Inc., 1951. Pp. 112. \$3.95.)

This is a valuable selective compilation of thirty-eight Confederate songs and marches, reproduced exactly in the form in which they were published originally, with words, music, and several cover illustrations. Each selection is prefaced with an historical headnote by the editor. "To know the songs a people sang," he says, "is to have a piercing insight into the spirit of the people." A few of the selections had their origin in the North, some in Richmond, and several were composed by Carrie Belle Sinclair of Augusta, and published there. B. Duncan of Columbia published "Think of Your Head in the Morning," and also lithographed the cover of "God Save the South." Some of them bear imprints showing that they were to be had from John Seigling of Charleston or from Julian A. Selby of Columbia.

The editor is assistant librarian and lecturer in history at Emory University, associate editor of Emory *Sources and Reprint* series, and author of *Confederate Belle-Lettres* and *Confederate Music*. In this his latest publication he has made a notable addition to musical Americana and to the history of the Southern Confederacy.

A. K. G.

The State Historical Commission has issued Bulletin No. 13, *The Study of History*, a reprint from *The Proceedings of the South Carolina Historical Association 1950*, of an address by J. H. Easterby on published historical work in the state.

THE SOCIETY

On the morning of October 28, at the invitation of the Society, the first annual meeting of the historical organizations in South Carolina convened in old St. James' Church, Goose Creek, which, despite heavy rain, was filled to capacity. As Bishop Thomas was unable to be present for the scheduled colonial prayer service, Mr. Dick Banks read the prayer for King George, and Mr. S. G. Stoney gave a detailed history of the church. The weather having cleared, the meeting adjourned to Otranto, where the basket lunch was followed by a brief program in which each society's president told of its plans and achievements: Victor C. Barringer for Sumter; Kenneth M. James for Darlington; Howard E. Danner for Beaufort; Mrs. Mamie N. Tillman for Edgefield; Eugene N. Zeigler for the Florence Museum; and R. L. Meriwether, secretary, for the University's Caroliniana Society. Visits were then made to The Oaks and to Medway. At each of the three plantations its history was given: Otranto by Anne Gregorie, The Oaks by St. Julien Childs, and Medway by S. G. Stoney. On invitation of President Barringer of the Sumter Historical Society, the meeting in October 1952 will convene in Sumter County.

Plans will be announced in the newspapers for the ninety-seventh annual meeting of the Society, to be held at the Fort Sumter Hotel, Charleston, on January 12, 1952.

REQUESTS FOR INFORMATION

Joseph H. McGee, 4 King Street, Charleston, wants information and names of parents of Ann Skrine, an orphan of French ancestry, reared in Georgetown, who married Capt. Peter Warren of Camden about 1802. Both their daughters were his grandmothers: Mary married Hall T. McGee, Annie married Joseph H. Wheeler.

Mrs. W. M. Garrard, Rosemary-on-the-Tallahatchie, Greenwood, Miss., wants information and parentage of Capt. John Smith (wife Sarah; children, Edmond, Harriet, Pamela, Matilda), who died in Barnwell in 1799; his widow married Andrew Gray in 1801, removed to Mississippi in 1810. Among family names are: Harley, Pinckney, Burris, Seaborne, Burwell.

Dr. J. E. Fields, 108 Scott Street, Joliet, Ill., wants information concerning "Corn Acre," where, on April 23, 1782, Edward Rutledge wrote to Arthur Middleton, a letter published in this *Magazine*, XXVII, 13.

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